

THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

WHILE Great Britain's new army estimates promise a reduction of nine hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds as compared with last year, France contemplates military increases which threaten to add seven billion francs per annum to her taxes. The Empire proposes to reduce the number of its white troops by about three thousand, and its total establishment, including colonial and Indian forces, by about four thousand. This is accomplished principally by reductions in the cavalry and the signal corps, made possible by the substitution of tanks and mechanical transport for horses. This slightly smaller army will therefore be as effective a fighting force as the old one. France's new military law, which passed the Chamber by the astonishing majority of five hundred to thirty-one, provides for the conscription in case of war of all French citizens and dependents, without distinction of age or sex. In order to secure — at least on paper — the advantages of the Hague and London Conventions protecting noncombatants, the Act defines certain sections of

the mobilized population by the latter term. The Socialists supported the law, partly because they resented the menace of Fascist Italy, and partly because they thought it a step toward an ultrasocialized State. Communists naturally opposed it, and Conservatives regarded it with some uneasiness. It was drafted under the supervision of the former Radical Premier and present War Minister, Painlevé, by two generals and the Socialist deputy, Paul Boncour, who conducted the bill through the Chamber. Critics point out that even under earlier laws free speech was virtually suppressed, so far as the able-bodied male population was concerned, the moment mobilization occurred. Under the new Act, the whole nation will be gagged. Plans for an immense system of fortifications in Alsace-Lorraine, far more ambitious than those which Germany has just been ordered to destroy along her Polish frontier, accompany the programme. On the other hand, the law contemplates a reduction in the period of compulsory service, and is based on the modern doctrine that when nations start to fight all their citizens must do their bit.

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Possibly Socialists and pacifists believe that such an Act, by impressing the terrible and universal character of modern war upon the popular mind, will prevent a precipitate recourse to arms. Among incidental oddities of this legislation is one characterized by the *Westminster Gazette* as 'especially ironical.' Women are made absolutely equal to men in respect to their duties under the Act, 'but whereas the male conscript may hope to have some influence upon the Government which commits him to war, the women have none. The Electoral Reform Bill, which will soon make its appearance, may find the Frenchwoman — now as much a conscript as her brothers, sons, and husband — alive to the importance of the vote.'

The last League Council session, presided over by the Foreign Minister of Germany in his native tongue, was a milestone in the slow progress of European reconciliation. *Figaro* testily headed its report of the proceedings '*Le coup d'état de Genève.*' Herr Stresemann's eagerness to prevent an Anglo-Soviet rupture was ascribed to Berlin's Rapallo and post-Rapallo engagements to Moscow, which keep her from joining England in political or economic measures against Russia. A fine Italian hand,' to quote a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, seized the opportunity to make Machiavellian capital out of this situation. 'Germany's embarrassment, judging by the sensation which, I understand, was caused at Geneva by Signor Mussolini's sudden and unexpected ratification of the Bessarabian Treaty, has been Italy's opportunity, and Roman diplomacy has made the most of it. Relations between France and Italy are delicate; those between Italy and Germany, though good, are not all that the Palazzo Chigi would wish them

to be, or, at any rate, had hoped that they would become, until Herr Stresemann's departure from San Remo, after a three weeks' stay on Italian soil, without even a courtesy meeting with the *Duce*. Therefore, when France, a few weeks back, hesitated to support strong British action at Shanghai, Signor Mussolini ordered the Italian naval commander to coöperate forthwith and whole-heartedly with the British commander. Similarly when, last week, Germany showed so manifest a reluctance to court Soviet disfavor on behalf of Anglo-German and Western solidarity, Rome stepped in and defied Moscow. Signor Mussolini acted thus, not only in order to cement Italo-Rumanian amity, but also to emphasize the point that, where France or Germany might falter in fidelity to a common cause with Great Britain, the latter might find a dauntless associate in Italy, her coguarantor in the Locarno Pact.'

William Martin, editor of the *Journal de Genève*, argues that this Council session marks a new phase in the relations of America and the League. The first phase, immediately following the war, was characterized by our refusal to have anything to do with that organization. Our State Department would not even reply to its communications. The League lacked confidence in itself, and Europe *se faisait toute petite*. Geneva therefore confined itself to technical and humanitarian tasks, and evaded assuming responsibility for political actions of importance. Then came a second phase, when our distrust of the League was less accentuated. Our Government began to reply to its communications and to participate occasionally in the work of its commissions. Simultaneously Europe was recovering self-confidence, and felt less dependent upon America. This new spirit was natu-

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rally reflected in the League itself. Now that Germany has become an active and influential member, a third phase has begun. The United States is participating officially and semiofficially in most of Geneva's technical labors, and even in some that have supreme political connotations, like the Disarmament Conference. On the other hand, Europe has recovered its old-time independence, and has definitely negated America's demands in respect to two vital matters—the statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice, and naval limitation. 'In the degree that Europe surmounts her economic crisis she is recovering her poise, and a moral equilibrium is being reestablished between the two continents.' Elsewhere the same writer argues that the League should endorse Panama's refusal to ratify her pending treaty with the United States and should veto Latvia's treaty with Soviet Russia, on the ground that both instruments are incompatible with the commitments of their governments to Geneva.

'All quiet along the Thames' describes the present political situation in England. The *Outlook* likens the Speaker of the House to a rector's wife presiding over a mothers' meeting. Dr. Hadden Guest's resignation from the Labor Party, following the expulsion of Mr. Spencer, the conservative miners' leader, counterbalances its notable accessions from the Liberals, like Commander Kenworthy and Captain Wedgwood Benn. Lord Rosebery has reiterated his demand for an official inquiry into the source of Lloyd George's political campaign fund. The noble lord is said to have objected to the sale of peerages when his Party was in power because he disliked thus to dilute his own order, but he apparently had no qualms as to raising money for

electioneering purposes by the sale of baronetcies and knighthoods. Only the Labor Party finances itself by methods which are not open to the same criticism that is leveled against Lloyd George, and the Conservatives would like to deprive it of power to do so. The *Outlook* professes to find the Lloyd George money a greater puzzle the more it is discussed, even venturing the conjecture: 'For all we know, the mystery fund may yet vanish as completely as the Cheshire cat, and leave only the smell behind.' In a debate upon Britain's Note to Moscow Mr. Chamberlain declared with emphasis that the Government was not seeking to encircle Russia or to cut her off from the rest of Europe—thus formally refuting the stock charge of the Moscow diplomats against his policy.

Ireland is preparing for a general election, in which the Government's supporters are expected to lose ground, if only through the natural swing of the political pendulum. The Labor Party is organizing its campaign quietly and efficiently, but will concentrate its efforts principally on urban areas. A Farmers' Party has entered the field, but it has little present prospect of returning a large delegation to the Dail, since the wide variations of economic status among the peasantry are reflected in their political opinions, and make it practically impossible for them to agree on general national policies. Bills reforming the licensing law and for extending the present duties 'to safeguard industries' promise to be the debating issues of the campaign.

On the Continent, the common people seem as weary of politics as they are across the Channel. Some importance was attached in France last month to a by-election in the department of La Sarthe, which resulted in the election of three Nationalist deputies to replace two Socialists and one Radical

chosen in 1924; but the outcome was partly due to the fact that the old Cartellists are now divided into two camps, while the Nationalists have retained their solidarity. Signs of Party disintegration have multiplied among German Conservatives since several politicians of the Right have entered a Republican Cabinet. One wing of the Nationalists has repudiated the leadership of Count Westarp, and pronounces itself 'unshakably loyal to monarchical institutions and the hereditary ruling House,' while another little faction has made its bow to German voters as the *Deutsche Kaiserpartei*. Both denounce their more tractable colleagues of the Conservative wing as backsliders.

Since trouble and the Balkan peninsula are almost synonymous, it is not difficult to catch echoes of the Chinese revolution in the electric air of South-eastern Europe, where Canton and Moscow enter into the diplomatic byplay behind Italy's recognition of Rumania's right to Bessarabia. Happily the tension between Italy and Yugoslavia, following the Tirana Treaty, seems to have relaxed under the soothing ministrations of the League. Meanwhile, however, domestic politics at Belgrade are even livelier than usual. The Radical Party, formerly led by Pašić, which has been running the country with the support of Radić's Croat Peasant Party, has been getting out of hand. This group possessed such an overwhelming majority, yet included such diverse elements, that a split was inevitable without a strong leader to hold them together. The most dramatic episode in the dispute occurred when an almost naked Opposition official, half dead and bleeding, was borne into Parliament on a stretcher as concrete proof of the brutality of the Government police.

The ill wind of the British General Strike blew prosperity to Poland. No sooner had Pilsudski installed himself than orders for Silesian coal came pouring in, and before the summer was over the sinking zloty was showing signs of life. The year 1926 showed a decided improvement in the economic condition of Poland, which is due almost as much to Pilsudski himself as to the lucky coal strike. Trained before the war in the school of anti-Russian intrigue, he was a past-master at the art of doing things quietly, and it was just such a master that Poland needed. His administration was conducted so quietly that people began to forget about politics, — always a healthy sign in Eastern Europe, — and the coal did the rest. The most recent manifestation of Poland's almost genial state of mind is her unofficial offer to Lithuania of some kind of agreement which will make it easier for the two countries to do business together. Warsaw can hardly have been surprised to meet with a cool rebuff from Kovno stating that nothing could be discussed as long as the Vilno question remained undecided. Germany heard what was going on, and she too informally participated, insisting that Poland should keep her apprised of such moves. To be sure, nothing has yet come of the offer, but it is a straw showing which way the wind may some day blow.

Italy's precipitate political evolution is so identified with Mussolini's impulsive personality that it is almost impossible to chart its progress even from day to day. As a Rome correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* cleverly remarks, 'there is in Fascism one reality — Mussolini; *tout le reste est littérature*, and not even literature of a very high order.' Signor Turati — not the Social-

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ist of that name — has identified the Fascist State in so many words with the person of its leader, thereby implicitly denying that Fascism is a philosophy or a system, as is so enthusiastically claimed by many of its champions. This raises the question whether the recent measures designed to convert the nation into a single industrial corporation operated through guilds signify Mussolini's reversion to the Socialist doctrines of his youth. The correspondent just quoted questions this, but with interesting *obiter dicta*: 'Whatever Fascism is becoming, it has certainly ceased to be a "Right" or "Conservative" régime, except in its exaltation of national values, which smacks of Conservatism more to the Briton than to the Latin. Fascism no longer depends, nor could it depend, upon the manufacturing and moneyed classes. Indeed, Signor Mussolini is pursuing a financial policy which has filled those classes with sullen wrath. The Fascist syndicates are certainly not the instruments of specifically working-class sentiment and aspiration; nor can they any longer be said to be subservient to the employing classes. They are instruments of — and subservient to — Mussolini! It is hard to see by what limits the possible oscillations of Mussolini's personal policy are bounded.' This is confirmed by Sir John Foster Fraser in the *Sunday Times*: 'Mussolini is like a man building up a great commercial enterprise; everything depends on his initiative and enterprise, and it is thought that if he disappears the whole thing crumbles. But that does not happen if the great organizer has time to consolidate his concern; when he goes, things will have been so arranged that the business still advances. If Mussolini went now there would be disaster; but give him time, especially let the people get accustomed to realize they are all part

of the State machine and feel the right conscientious spirit, and then the work will be accomplished and the new system of government be an assured triumph.'

Private reports from Madrid ascribe the delay in calling the National Assembly which Primo de Rivera desires to substitute for the old Cortes to the opposition of King Alfonso, who has hitherto refused to sign the necessary decree. The sovereign is said to entertain scruples regarding the formal abrogation of the old Constitution which he has sworn to support, and prominent men of the old régime, who are loyal supporters of the monarchy, encourage him in this attitude. Indeed, some of the most prominent of them are rumored to have intimated that a royal betrayal of the Constitution might make them Republicans. Señor Yanguas has at length succeeded in unburdening himself of the duties of Foreign Minister, which have been taken over by Primo de Rivera himself. One of his colleagues, Señor Callejo, Minister of Education, has also resigned, or attempted to resign, on account of an academic dispute having its origin in the effort of the Liberal students of the University of Madrid to discuss the League of Nations at a public meeting. This was objected to by the academic authorities on the ground that it might afford an opportunity to criticize the Government's decision to withdraw from the League.

For some weeks the Eastern Mediterranean and its tributary nations have ceased to be a storm centre on the international horizon. Turkey seems solicitous to prove her pacific intentions. Her Prime Minister, General Ismet Pasha, recently stated in a public interview that his country courted the good will and economic coöperation of Great

*In the
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Britain, with whom it was at swords' points over Mosul a year ago. The Tribunals of Independence, set up to deal with political offenders, have performed their work and have been dissolved. Persia has concluded an agreement with the Junkers Company to establish three air lines, carrying mail and occasional passengers from Teheran to Enzeli, Bushire, and Qaratou, on the Caspian Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Irak frontier, respectively. The first-mentioned port forms a connection with Baku, so that a passenger may leave Teheran at 8 A.M. and reach the latter city at 4 P.M. the same day, in time to take the Baku-Moscow express. The other two lines connect with the Imperial Airways System.

For the fourth year in succession the Indian Budget shows a surplus, with a promise of a repetition of this agreeable condition the coming season. Indian credit has improved despite political uncertainties, and now stands higher than it did before the war. This is accounted for partly by the increased interest in home securities shown by Indian investors, who have bought in the London market. A strike involving more than twenty-five thousand members of the All-India Railwaymen's Federation has partially tied up the Bengal-Nagpur Railway, so that the freight service has been entirely stopped and only a few passenger trains are running. The *Servant of India* comments: 'Our laborers are weak enough, through illiteracy, lack of good leadership, and effective organization, so it is, to start with, an unequal combat; but when the Government also indirectly throws in its weight on the side of the employers, the odds against which the fight has to be conducted by labor become considerably increased. The Government, through its orders prohibiting the holding of meetings by the strikers and the

entry of Union leaders into certain areas, is unfairly handicapping the workers in their struggle, in a fashion which would not be tolerated in any democratically advanced country. The story of the origin of this strike, so far as the versions of the Labor Union officials can be relied upon, goes to show that the men took the extreme measure only when driven to it. . . . Insecurity of service, inadequate wages, and the insulting treatment of the supervising staff, were repeatedly brought to the notice of the railway authorities without any redress.'

In New South Wales a controversy has arisen between the Labor Premier and the Governor, precipitated by the latter's declaration that he would not consent to the appointment of additional Legislative Councilors. In other words, he will not regard the State self-governing to the same extent as Great Britain, where the Premier can increase the membership of the House of Lords ad libitum in order to pass a bill. Among the picturesque incidents attending this controversy has been a great parade of Labor women in Sydney to demand the appointment of women members to the Council. Canberra, the new Federal capital, — put the accent on the first syllable, please, — is now nominally a city on a site that a few years ago was grazing land. It covers twelve square miles, and contains public buildings sufficient to house the Federal Government, hotels, and a modest quota of shops and residences. Title to all land in the district is retained by the Government, which leases building sites to private parties. The present population is in the neighborhood of five thousand, or perhaps less than that of the District of Columbia when it was made the seat of our Federal Government.

The rising tide of nationalism in China has spread beyond the confines of

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that country. On the anniversary of Sun Yat-sen's death six Chinese were killed and eleven were wounded at Singapore in a conflict between demonstrators and the police. Anam has caught the contagion of political unrest, although her people have little love for the Chinese, whom they expelled from their territories more than four centuries ago. France's conquest of the country dates back only to 1862, and is not recognized as giving her a legitimate title to the country by a nation whose traditions go back a thousand years or more. Russian influence plays little part in this agitation, although, like all nationalist movements in the Orient, it is popularly confused with Bolshevism. To be sure, Moscow sympathizes with the natives, and the Soviet authorities are reported to have admonished the Paris Communist organ, *Humanité*, against publishing articles urging reforms in France's colonial administration, on the ground that it was for the interest of Communism that existing abuses be aggravated until they provoke revolts. Meanwhile Japan is securing a strong foothold in the colony through her merchants and settlers, and is suspected by the French of having ultimate designs upon it.

China is so dramatically featured in the daily press, and events in that country move so rapidly, that little remains to be added to the news dispatches until after the dust of conflict has cleared away. Church people in England as well as in the United States are for the most part opposed to the present military measures there. The Assembly of the Evangelical Free Church in Birmingham rejected a resolution recommended by its Executive Council endorsing the British Shanghai expedition, and substituted for it one expressing a desire 'to see the Chinese

people united in a free commonwealth and the enjoyment of peace, and taking their rightful place in the family of nations' This time Japan is pulling no chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of her Western associates. We can only conjecture how many foreigners might have lost their lives if the Powers had refrained from a military demonstration at Shanghai. Many might have been sacrificed. On the other hand, evidence exists to show that Chinese ill-will might not have existed if the Powers had not 'pulled a gun first.' The German correspondent whose article we publish elsewhere in this issue seems to have gone about unmolested, and we hear no stories of Germans suffering from the present disorders. Yet when countries sink into civil war and political chaos security of life and property is invariably impaired.

Rather unexpectedly, the Government Parties and the Opposition in Japan got together shortly after the Diet resumed its session, with the result that legislation was expedited, but, to quote *Kokumin*, 'a great shock was given to the people.' The real secret of this unexpected peace move is said to have been fear of the Proletarian Parties, which are expected to become an important power in Parliament after the next election. Hitherto the old-type politicians have been grouped in three organizations, the *Seiyukai*, the *Kenseikai*, and the *Seiyuhonto*, who differ little in principle from each other. It is natural, therefore, that the prospective rise of a new Party having a definite popular programme should encourage a fusion of these opposing factions.

Despite the soft-pedaling of the subject in the American press, our relations with Latin America, which seem to have been hopelessly jeopardized by incompetent and tactless handling,

have not improved. The Argentine Senate, immediately after voting that country's annual quota for the support of the League of Nations, debated whether it should continue contributing to the Pan American Union at Washington. Further payments to that institution—so laboriously built up by our statesmen since the time of Secretary Blaine—were vigorously opposed on the ground that membership in it was a badge of vassalage. The debate led to no formal action, but Senator Justo announced that in case Washington's conduct in Nicaragua was proved to have been as atrocious as commonly reported he would move the omission of the item for the Pan American Union from the Budget.

The National Assembly of Panama has adopted a resolution strongly condemnatory of Señor Bunau-Varilla, on account of the article of which we published a translation in our issue of March 15. Washington's decision to lift what its opponents called our 'pseudoscientific embargo' on Argentine beef is interpreted as a political rather than an economic concession to that country. To quote the *London Times*, 'The question was asked whether the United States might not have to pay an unduly high price for its Nicaraguan adventure, and only the blind can fail to see in this admission of the validity of Argentine contentions [in respect to beef inspection] a desire in high quarters to placate a friendly and important neighbor.'

THREE OF A KIND



THE STUFF OF WHICH BRITISH PEERS
ARE MADE¹
—*New Leader*, London

ADVICE TO THE KANGAROO



ITALIAN LABORER. 'You're all legs. You
need more strong arms in your country.'
—*Il Travaso*, Rome

¹ The allusion is to the following alleged seditious declarations of the new lords:—

LORD CARSON. 'We make it clear to the Government that our object is to dispute their authority.' (Belfast, 1913)

LORD BIRKENHEAD. 'From that moment we shall stand side by side with you, refusing to recognize any law.' (Ballyclare, 1913)

SIR JAMES CRAIG (the latest peer). 'I say deliberately that the smashing of the whole parliamentary fabric would be amply justified.' (Ballynahinch, 1914)

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¹ From
February

A RACE CONGRESS AT BRUSSELS¹

BY ARTHUR HOLITSCHER

[THIS article supplements our editorial reference to the Brussels 'Congress of Oppressed Nationalities' in our last issue.]

BELGIUM'S Foreign Minister, Vanderfelde, gave the League of Oppressed Nationalities, which has been in existence scarcely a year, permission to use for its first world congress the historic palace of Egmont, the great rebel. That was a clever act of courtesy, and in recognition of it the Congress uttered not a word regarding the Belgian Congo. It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the one hundred and seventy-four delegates from all parts of the world who held their session in the Mirror Gallery of the grand old mansion bear any resemblance to the Gueux Leaguers. Men of all races gathered there under a framed motto, 'National freedom, social equality,' enwreathed in a broken chain and irradiated by a rising sun. People of every shade and color had been drawn to Brussels by their common devotion to human liberty — dreamers and practical politicians, charming hypnotic personalities of the visionary type, and rough and ready leaders of the masses. Unquestionably the Congress registered a significant step in the evolution of human freedom. It was a body with which men of all classes and nations, no matter how unsympathetic they may be at heart with its ideals and purposes, must hereafter reckon. Do

not bury your heads in the sand, gentlemen. Do not shrug your shoulders. Look this Gorgon-visaged vision of human liberty straight in the eye!

Among the one hundred and seventy-four delegates were Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Egyptians, Belgians, Members of Parliament and private citizens, Motilal Nehru of the Executive of the Indian National Congress, Hao Sin-liau of the Kuomintang Executive at Canton, Rhys John Davies, leader of the English miners, Harry Pollitt, leader of the Revolutionary Trade-Unionists of England, Edo Fimmen, Chairman of the International Transport Workers Union, Coleraïne of the South African Trade-Unions, Chen Shuen of the Hongkong-Canton Strike Committee, a delegate for the Chinese Trade-Union League of Hankow, and others. Altogether they represented eight million organized workers. Mr. Brown, Secretary of the Amsterdam Trade-Union International, attended to speak for himself. Fantastic figures fell from the lips of the delegates from China, Anam, Indonesia, North Africa, and from the North American Negroes — fantastic tales of suffering of the oppressed peoples of the globe. We are to believe that the cry of one billion human beings became vocal here. Laguma, a full-blooded Zulu, accused the oppressors of his people. Lamina Senghor, a Senegalese Negro passionately proud of the purity of his African blood, described at great length the age-old oppression of his brethren, who still

¹ From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), February 25

live under a modern form of slavery. Mattar, a Kabyle of the Rif, a delegate from the West Indies, men from silent, obscure races in South America, suddenly lifted their voices and had their hearing. Senghor's warning rang out over the heads of the assembly: 'Beware! Beware of the peoples who have slept so soundly and so long. When they awake invigorated from their slumbers, their vengeance will be terrible!'

Old champions of the masses like Ledebour of Germany, Lansbury of England, Katayama, the venerable Japanese revolutionist, and General Lu Chung-lin, an earnest young Chinaman whom the Cantonese army had sent to represent it, clasped hands on the platform. Likewise poets of freedom, intellectuals, the revolutionists of the pen, men like Henri Barbusse of France, José Vasconcelos of Mexico, Manuel Ugarte of South America, Roland-Holst of the Netherlands, and Lessing, Alfons Paquet, Ernst Toller, and Arthur Holitscher from Germany, were officially accredited members of the Congress. Prominent pacifists like Brockway, Helene Stöcker, and Madame Duschesne added their voices to the discussion. One purpose had brought these people together—to lift up the weak and exploited races and nations, so that we may sometime have a true brotherhood of man.

One significant fact emphasized in all the speeches was this: The worldwide uprising of the oppressed races and peoples is identical with, and inseparable from, the uprising of the oppressed social classes. No national revolt can succeed without the aid of organized laborers and peasants. The delegates of the Hankow trade-unions extolled Sun Yat-sen, China's liberator, for his service in impressing this truth upon his great nation. Lu Chung-lin, a general of the victorious

Southern army, who was greeted by the Congress with prolonged applause, declared that he and his comrades were fighting for the Chinese laboring classes against the imperialist and capitalist greed of men of their own blood as well as of foreigners. He said the war had converted the Chinese coolie into a class-conscious worker, and that the present Congress was defining the task which China, like every other country, must accomplish. When he shouted, 'The Nationalist army of China is fighting militarism as it now exists,' a thunder of enthusiastic applause greeted his words. This profession by a soldier, who called himself a servant of the cause of freedom for the workingmen and peasants of his native land, was in marked contrast with the report of Syria's delegate, Mahmud Bey el Bakri, who, in the sonorous tongue of his country, described the destruction of her holy city, Damascus, by European *soldateska*.

This Congress, where so many nations lifted their voices in protest against their oppressors, where so many colored races clenched their fists against the whites, did not content itself with empty manifestoes. Its central purpose was first of all to liberate Asia from the yoke of European imperialism. China was considered the focus of the Asiatic movement. That country, in whose fate every nation of Europe, as well as the United States and Japan, is vitally interested, was the principal topic of discussion. The most important resolution was one read by the English trade-union leader Becket, drafted jointly by the delegates from India, China, and Great Britain, defining the programme of Labor and its parliamentary representatives in those three countries. It first dealt with the specifically labor aspect of this programme—steadfast

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refusal of Labor Members of Parliament to vote appropriations for armed forces to oppress colonial peoples; determined resistance by trade-unions to the movement of troops and munitions from England to China, or from India to China, as has recently occurred; national and proletarian revolts in case an attempt is made to suppress by military force the efforts of a colonial people to attain its freedom; abrogation of unjust treaties with China and of the right of extra-territoriality; a return of the foreign concessions; the recognition of a freely elected national government; close coöperation between the labor organizations of India, China, and England.

Having thus disposed provisionally of the question of positive tactics, the Congress proceeded to the question of action. Marked differences of opinion arose between Ledebour and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, a lady Member of the House of Commons, regarding the steps to be taken immediately. Ledebour advocated a strike of the transport workers to prevent the dispatch of troops to China, followed by a general strike. Ellen Wilkinson thought this impossible in view of the fearful unemployment crisis prevailing in Great Britain. Harry Pollitt informed the delegates that before the soldiers embarked for China handbills had been circulated among them begging them not to fire upon the Chinese, and that on two of the vessels leaving England the soldiers had pinned on their uniforms badges distributed to them by agents of the 'Hands Off China' movement.

Mexico's relations to the United States also engaged the active attention of the delegates. Señor Martínez, a delegate from Tampico, argued that this conflict, although it might at the moment seem less important than the independence movement in China,

was practically identical with it in character and significance.

In fact, one of the things that impressed me most, as indicative of the present world situation, was that Radicals, Socialists, and even Communists, as well as the nonparty representatives who met at Brussels, were constantly talking about national rights and national emancipation, and had nothing to say about internationalism, except when they sang the song that bore that name. Evidently the great idea is first of all to win national independence, and the allying of the international movement with the proletarian movement comes second. To put it in other words, internationalism cannot be realized until national self-determination is an actual fact.

These colonial peoples have learned to know the worst side of European civilization — military oppression, corruption, and exploitation. They loathe that civilization. Edo Fimmen quoted the dividends of European colonial companies, and of factories and mines in India and China. Their exorbitant height showed how inhumanly the backward nations are exploited. The Indian mother who labors for fourteen hours in a mine, stupefying her nursing with opium to keep it still the meanwhile, is the human product of this system. Hatta, a delegate from Indonesia, representing one of the gentlest and most peaceable peoples of the globe, pictured vividly the way the docile Javanese are still exploited — they whose sufferings have long since made immortal Multatuli's vivid pages.

Becket, an English delegate, in describing the misery of the Welsh coal miners, brought out the relation between the distress of the European proletariat and the wage oppression of their colored brethren. Other speakers dwelt upon the same theme. One fact was generally recognized — that

the so-called lower efficiency of the colored races is merely a hypocritical excuse for extorting the utmost return out of the cheapest worker. The thought grew clearer as the discussion proceeded that real harmony between

the white and colored races will be impossible until the present exploitation of the latter by the former ceases — until coöperation is substituted for military oppression and predatory duress.

AMERICA'S INCREASING ARMAMENTS¹

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE American people are now spending about four times as much on their navy as they were twenty-five years ago, and more than twice as much as in the year of the outbreak of the Great War; their army, though still of modest size, is much larger than it was; and they are creating enormous aerial forces. In face of their increasing armaments, the Americans — so great is the power of autosuggestion — are convinced that they are the only people who are sincere in desiring a limitation of armaments generally, and naval armaments in particular, and that they only are 'playing the game.' Rich beyond the dreams of avarice, owing to the many millions of dollars which are flowing into their coffers in repayment of war debts, and prosperous as they never were before in consequence of the industry and good sense of the population, they are filled with vague fears and suspicions; they believe that they are the envy of the world, that they are hated because they have been fortunate, and that at some time or other they will be attacked. They wonder if they have sufficient armed force, espe-

cially at sea. 'What of the Navy?' they ask. 'Is it strong enough?' This is one of many questions which are being canvassed on the other side of the Atlantic, and there are always Cassandras, expert and others, who are prepared to make the flesh of the American people creep on the slightest provocation.

The naval misconceptions of the Americans, which are really rather flattering to national vanity, arise from the fact that they take far too short views. All the great fleets of the pre-war period in the Old World have either entirely disappeared or have been so greatly reduced in strength that they are now mere skeletons of what they were. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia are no longer of any account as sea Powers, and neither France nor Italy possesses a single first-class capital ship. Whereas Japan in 1914 had eighteen capital ships built and four building, she now has only ten. The United States stands out as the one country which has methodically devoted year by year increased sums to its fleet and added to its naval strength.

In 1901 the expenditure upon the American Fleet amounted to £16,012,048, and the officers and men numbered

¹ From the *Fortnightly Review* (London literary and critical monthly), *March*

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33,354. Even in those circumstances, in face of the keen naval rivalry in Europe, which was finding expression in ambitious and costly programmes, the American people feared aggression from no quarter and were satisfied that their sea-borne interests were secure. They looked out over the three thousand miles of the Atlantic Ocean on the one side, and, in their isolation from the troubles of the Old World with its vast burden of competing armaments, congratulated themselves that they were not as other people. They cast their eyes over the wastes of the Pacific Ocean and gladly accepted the assurance that no battle fleet possessed sufficient radius of action to challenge them in their own waters. They regarded the republics to the south, with their small navies and armies, with an indifference which was almost contemptuous, rested their confidence in the Monroe Doctrine, countersigned by the other nations of the world, and were satisfied that, occupying a compact territory of three and one-half million square miles, they were unconquerable and economically independent, owing to the vast and varied resources at their immediate command.

A change in their attitude toward navies and world policies generally began when Theodore Roosevelt emerged as a statesman, interesting himself especially in naval affairs. By a dramatic turn of the wheel of fortune, he became President, in 1901, and made himself responsible for an energetic policy of naval propaganda. Admiral Mahan's books proved of invaluable assistance to him. At last the American Fleet was dispatched on a cruise round the world, with a view, first, of reminding all and sundry that the American people entertained no mean naval ambitions, and, secondly, of training the officers and men. But even as late as the year when the Great War mobilized the man

power and economic resources of Europe the amount which was being spent on the maintenance of the American Fleet was only £28,919,000, while the sum voted for the British Fleet in that year was £52,705,779. In return for the rising scale of expenditure, the American taxpayers congratulated themselves on possessing a fleet which compared as follows with the British Fleet, the figures being extracted from *Brassey's Annual* for 1914:—

EFFECTIVE FIGHTING SHIPS

Class	GREAT BRITAIN UNITED STATES	
	Built and Building	Built and Building
Battleships		
Modern.....	34	14
Battle cruisers....	10	—
Older battleships... 38		22
Total.....	82	36
Cruisers		
First Class.....	38	15
Light.....	89	10
Total.....	127	25
Destroyers.....	238	60
Torpedo boats		
First and Second Class.....	70	21
Submarines.....	96	50

We have only to turn to Mr. Coolidge's recent message to Congress to realize the change in the naval situation, so far as the United States is concerned, which has occurred since 1914. The President's purpose was to suggest to the American people that they were spending no inconsiderable sum on their defenses, and that they were obtaining good value for their money:—

The estimates for the War and Navy Departments total \$680,537,642. In addition to this they provide for availability through contract authorizations and allotments from the naval supply account of \$5,900,000. Eliminating all nonmilitary items, including the retired lists, this Bud-

get provides \$574,000,000 for our national defense. This is a very considerable amount to spend for protection in time of peace. No threatening cloud at the present time darkens the sky. . . . In recommending the amount herein carried for the Army and Navy and other national defense factors, I am fully satisfied that with the wise administration we have reason to expect from those charged with its expenditure it will give us an adequate defense programme.

It was thus revealed on the highest authority that the American people are devoting to the support of their defensive organizations a sum of nearly £118,000,000. What is the background against which this expenditure must be studied? The United States is not only geographically isolated, but, in spite of the growth of population, she is economically independent. An expert writer in *Engineering* recently remarked in the course of a careful analysis of America's trade: 'Her import and export commerce are doubtless sources of wealth and influence to very powerful industrial interests, but they make up so small a proportion of the total wealth of the United States, they are strategically so unimportant, that America cannot be said to be driven toward naval expansion by any military necessity. The policy embodied in the phrase, "A navy second to none," and its numerous derivatives, expressed in press campaigns, inspired articles, and fleet exercises designed to prove naval weakness, are all political products. Their sources and origins are not to be found in any military or naval requirement.'

In the light of these familiar factors, which must be present in the mind of anyone who examines American conditions, whether from the strategical, political, or economic point of view, the people of the United States, it may be suggested, are to-day spending more upon armaments than any other nation

in the world. The President's figures are not complete, since they take no account of the vast capital which has been sunk in the State-owned merchant fleet, or of the annual loss on operating these ships, which has imposed upon American taxpayers in the last ten years a burden of £600,000,000. This subsidy is being paid with more or less grace by the American taxpayers, because it is held that the American Navy would be at a disadvantage, if engaged in war, unless it was supported by a large volume of merchant tonnage.

The American taxpayers are presumably satisfied that they have obtained value for the money they have poured out. In his message to Congress President Coolidge reaffirmed the determination of the Government not to abandon its merchant shipping policy, and as proof that the expenditure on naval as well as aerial and military armaments was justified by results he applied no bad test—namely, the number of men available. He estimated that the Government was 'really making provision for military and naval strength of more than 610,000 men,' and added that 'this does not take into consideration the military and naval retired lists, which embrace 14,167 officers and men, or the coastguard of 11,969 officers and men, which in time of emergency becomes an integral part of our defense.'

Dealing specifically with the Navy, the President pointed out that provision was made for an average of 7231 commissioned officers, 1479 warrant officers, 1545 midshipmen, and 82,500 enlisted men, and for the marine corps 1020 commissioned officers, 155 warrant officers, and 16,800 enlisted men, making in all a total of 110,730 officers and men. President Coolidge, reviewing this provision of trained men, protested that 'the American people are altogether lacking in an appreciation of

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the tremendous good fortune that surrounds their international position. We have no traditional enemies. We are not embarrassed over any disputed territory. We have no possessions that are coveted by others; they have none that are coveted by us.'

The President, in these fortuitous circumstances, suggested that, in view of the scale of expenditure which was being incurred and the size of the armaments which were being maintained, Congress might well decide not to devote further funds, beyond those already allocated, to the expansion of the Navy. There was no suggestion that the work on the two aircraft carriers Lexington and Saratoga, on the five 10,000-ton cruisers out of a batch of eight authorized by Congress in 1924, on the six river gunboats, or on the three submarines already on the slips, should be retarded; the task of modernizing six of the older battleships, providing them with additional protection against submarine attack, converting them from coal burning to oil burning, and providing better arrangements for handling airplanes, as well as the improvement of the channel and harbors of the naval station at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and the development of a submarine base at that port, was to be pursued. The estimates, as approved by him, also carried a large sum for the expansion of the air forces of the Navy in accordance with the programme adopted the previous year. President Coolidge, in short, made out a good case against a further increase of expenditure on armaments, and, finally, put in the plea that the American Government was 'engaged in negotiations to broaden our existing treaties with the great Powers which deal with the elimination of competition in naval armaments.'

Subsequent events suggest that the President had not taken sufficiently

into account the influence of the widespread propaganda which the Navy Department, more or less *sub rosa*, had been conducting for many months previously in favor of a bigger navy — 'a navy second to none.' On the occasion of the anniversary of President Roosevelt's birth men-of-war had been distributed round the coast to advertise the Fleet, and meetings had been held in furtherance of a policy of expansion, patriotic newspapers throughout the United States being mobilized in the cause. The Navy Department, in order to secure the support of organized labor, had asked Mr. William Green, Mr. Gompers's successor as President of the American Federation of Labor, to lay the keel of the new cruiser Pensacola in November last, and he had in the course of a patriotic speech obligingly remarked that 'there is a feeling in the hearts and minds of the working people of our country that the forces upon which we must rely for protection and security should be developed to that adequate point where we can go along with our private business feeling that our homes, our lives, our institutions, and our nation are secure.'

When it became known that the President had approved a small 'cut' in the expenditure on the Fleet, and that no provision had been made in the Appropriation Bill for laying down the last three of the eight cruisers, while a slight reduction of the naval personnel was proposed and other minor economies were approved, the agitation in favor of a bigger navy immediately flared up. Mr. T. S. Butler, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, placed himself at the head of the movement. The Committee was speedily got together, and without a dissentient voice determined to make a personal appeal to the President to give his assent to a bill

authorizing the laying down of these additional cruisers. The Committee not only proceeded to cross-examine the Secretary of the Navy Department, a not unwilling witness, but also called before it Admiral E. W. Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations, and other officers whose testimony was, it was thought, calculated to impress the public.

The character of the evidence produced in these circumstances was, of course, a foregone conclusion — everyone plumped for a bigger navy. According to the *Army and Navy Journal*, Admiral Eberle presented a memorandum in which it was claimed that the United States Navy is now far behind the 5-5-3 ratio provided for under the terms of the Washington Arms Conference, and in order to be even considered on a par with the navies of Great Britain and Japan the United States needs twenty-one 10,000-ton cruisers, thirty-six submarines, and at least one additional aircraft carrier, all of which would call for an approximate expenditure of \$463,000,000. The Chairman of the Committee, being in a position of greater irresponsibility, dotted the *i*'s and crossed the *t*'s of the testimony given him by the experts. 'For one,' he declared, 'I have come to realize that nations, like individuals, have always been governed by force, and will continue to be so governed in future.' He protested that the other nations who were parties to the Washington Treaty had built more ships than they had sacrificed. 'There is a high-speed race for naval supremacy going on between the nations,' he claimed, 'and we are not in the race.' He furthermore reproached America's debtors for 'using those remissions we granted for the building of ships, thereby,' as he suggested, 'compelling America to spend several hundred millions in order to create a fleet comparable to theirs.'

In contrast with this statement we

have President Coolidge's reference to the debt settlements in his message to Congress: 'When we consider the real sacrifice that will be necessary on the part of other nations, considering all their circumstances, to meet their agreed payments, we ought to hold them in increased admiration and respect.' As the President pointed out, 'they have agreed to repay us all that we loaned to them and some interest.' The amount which is being paid into the American Treasury year by year will reach eventually an aggregate of \$22,143,539,993.10. As an American journal has remarked, 'a tidy little sum'! The British taxpayers are providing rather more than half of it. So much for Mr. Butler's irresponsible criticisms!

What policy, it may be asked, lies behind this 'drive' for a bigger American Fleet — 'a navy second to none,' in the words of the General Navy Board? The United States, apart from the merchant shipping subsidy, is already spending upon its naval forces, as has been stated, not far short of four times as much as it was devoting to this purpose at the beginning of this century, and more than twice as much as the appropriations which were made in the year which was to be marked by the outbreak of the Great War. The fleets of the Old World, by which the British two-Power standard was regulated in the past, have suffered eclipse. The British Navy emerged from the Great War stronger than ever before in its thousand years' history, and under the influence of strongly expressed public opinion the Admiralty proceeded to shed ships and men as well as dockyards. The present strength of the British and American Fleets in relation to each other, as well as in relation to the fleets of the other naval Powers, is revealed in the brief tabulation that follows:

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EFFECTIVE FIGHTING SHIPS BUILT OR ACTUALLY
UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON FEBRUARY 1, 1927

	BRITISH EMPIRE	UNITED STATES	JAPAN	FRANCE	ITALY
Battleships	16	18	6	9	6
Battle Cruisers	4	—	4	—	—
Light Cruisers	58	34	39	20	16
Aircraft Carriers and Tenders	9	3	5	2	1
Destroyers	176	309	128	84	79
Submarines	58	124	77	83	59

The American battle fleet, which ranked third among the world's fleets on the eve of the Great War, has now been raised to a position of equality with the British battle fleet, which used to be more than twice as strong as that of any other two Powers, and had an even greater superiority in cruisers and other types of vessels. It is not even true, so far at any rate as this country is concerned, that the new cruisers which are being built are of greater displacement and greater fighting power than those which they replace. In 1914 this country possessed thirty-eight large cruisers with an aggregate displacement of 450,800 tons, or an average of about 11,700 tons each, as well as eight others of 7000 tons each. As a result of the scrapping process which has since taken place all those vessels have disappeared, as well as a good many smaller cruisers. Under the provision which Parliament has made, we have building, or authorized, fourteen vessels, including two for Australia; thirteen of those vessels will displace 10,000 tons and one of them only 8000 tons. France and Italy are also pursuing a policy of economy so far as cruiser construction is concerned, since they are building four and two vessels respectively. The number of cruisers of the European Powers is decreasing,

not increasing, while Japan apparently intends to maintain about the same strength as she possessed in 1914. When we turn from this aspect of the controversy which has been raised in the United States to consider the position in destroyers and submarines, we find that the United States has been 'making the pace,' and now possesses, built or building, 309 destroyers and 124 submarines—a total of 433, as compared with our 240.

It has been said that the peace of the world depends more than anything else upon the peoples of the British Empire and the United States pulling together, and it is therefore deplorable, at this juncture of world affairs, that naval propaganda in the United States should be conducted in a manner which is calculated to produce ill-will and excite gross suspicions. It is our habit to disregard the ebb and flow of domestic politics in the United States in their reaction on international affairs, but other nations do not always adopt this attitude. They find it difficult to reconcile American protestations of a desire for disarmament with flamboyant speeches in and out of Congress and with the rising scale of American expenditure upon her Army and Navy, her air forces, and her State-owned merchant fleet. In particular they are justified in asking why the American people have been content to pour out £200,000,000,000 in the last ten years upon the instruments of sea power unless they entertain some policy which has not been revealed. When the Great War came to an end the Americans confronted the world as the exponents of the new idealism in international affairs. Their beneficent influence pervaded the human race. What is the attitude to-day toward these ideals of the American people, who, with an annual armament bill of £118,000,000, are pursuing a lonely furrow?

WINSTON AND THE WAR¹

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL-HART

For three and a half years the world — not merely the literary world — has waited impatiently for the completion of Mr. Winston Churchill's survey of the World War and its prologue. The delay was caused by his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but at last he has been able to complete it, and these two volumes ring down the curtain on the end of the task. The interval has at least had this incidental advantage — that the scope and value of the author's services in the war have emerged more clearly from the mists of controversy, and thus lend the greater weight to his judgment. During those years of flaming struggle England, like Rome of old, went far to fulfill the bitter saying that 'ingratitude toward their great men is the mark of strong peoples.' To none of her statesmen did England owe more for weathering the storms of 1914 than to Viscount Haldane and Mr. Churchill; none did she repay worse. And it is the more bitter reflection on hysterical public opinion that the second was cast overboard — too buoyant, fortunately, to sink — because he dared to show greater sanity and vision than the other navigators and strove, vainly, to steer the ship of State on a true course instead of letting her drift helplessly into the storms wherein she was battered almost to destruction.

To-day most close students of war and the war's history — at least, those of the modern school — recognize that

of all the statesmen Mr. Churchill contributed probably the greatest share toward victory by the readiness of the Navy; by his Antwerp intervention which caused a vital delay in the German effort against Ypres and the Channel ports; by acting as foster parent to the tank — the tactical key to victory which was at last fitted in the Western Front lock in 1918. For without him the tank would never have survived the chill of official apathy and discouragement. Further, we realize that the Gallipoli expedition was right in principle, and failed only because others lacked his vision. Aptly, to set the coping-stone on his war reputation, these latest volumes marshal figures, never before tabulated, which reveal, as in a sudden, almost painful, blaze of sunlight, the ghastly price we paid for blind adherence to an outworn creed — against which he had declaimed from the earliest days.

Mr. Churchill's second chapter, 'The Blood Test,' outweighs all else in its enduring value as an object lesson to future generations. Colonel Foch, as he then was, described his famous book on the *Principles of War* as 'a bonfire lighted on a dangerous coast to assist doubtful navigators.' The phrase fits Mr. Churchill's book considerably better, and for the sake of the world's future it is to be hoped that the outcome will also be better. First, he discloses that the permanent French loss in the three weeks of the first great clash in 1914 totaled 330,000, or more than one sixth of what they lost in the whole

¹From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Conservative daily), March 3

war. 'To these permanent losses should be added about 280,000 wounded, making a total for this brief period of over 600,000 casualties to the French armies alone; and of this terrific total three-fourths of the loss was inflicted from August 21 to 24 and from September 5 to 9; that is to say, in a period of less than eight days. Nothing comparable to this concentrated slaughter was sustained by any combatant in so short a time.'

This loss far exceeded that of the invading Germans, the decimation of whose masses was so glibly proclaimed at the time. The cause lay in the madness of the *offensive à l'outrance* doctrine, which had submerged French military thought in the previous years. In the first chapter Mr. Churchill tells again the story, perhaps familiar only to military students, of how Joffre's predecessor, General Michel, the only leader who dared to stand against the tide, and who also predicted the sweep through Belgium, was turned out of office for divining the truth. Next Mr. Churchill's scalpel lays bare the cancerous growth of the Franco-British attrition strategy. 'In these siege offensives, which occupied the years 1915, 1916, and 1917, the French and British Armies . . . suffered, as will be seen, nearly double the casualties inflicted on the Germans.' Once more he supports his statement with figures. 'Wearing down the Germans'—how bitterly ridiculous the military catchphrase sounds now!

It is both interesting and convincing to follow his demolition of the specious argument of the British dispatches, which by loosely calling these prolonged struggles 'battles' sought to justify their costly and futile course by the fact of the ultimate victory. This contention ignores the whole of military history, which in contrast supports Mr. Churchill's argument that 'a battle

means that the whole of the resources on either side that can be brought to bear are, during the course of a single episode, concentrated upon the enemy.' 'Five divisions engaged out of an army of seven may fight a battle. But the same operation in an army of seventy divisions . . . sinks to the rank of a petty combat. A succession of such combats augments the losses without raising the scale of events.' And the climax called a 'battle' is concentrated not merely in strength but in time. If the 'preliminary operation is so long that the enemy can make new dispositions'—withdraw to a new line or bring up reinforcements from a distance—'the attacker is confronted with a new situation, a different problem, a separate battle.'

By this historically sound test, the Marne and Tannenberg, for example, were battles. But Verdun, the Somme, and Passchendaele were siege campaigns composed of series of petty combats—almost as futile as and infinitely more expensive than, I would add, their much-derided eighteenth-century counterparts. Even on the first day of the Somme only a fraction of the total Allied divisions was engaged, and thereafter in most of the combats only three or four divisions took part. In the light of 1918 Mr. Churchill is amply justified in reminding us that he had pointed out earlier that 'success will only be achieved by the scale and intensity of our offensive efforts within a limited period. . . . It is not a question of wearing down the enemy's reserves, but of wearing them down so rapidly that recovery and replacement of shattered divisions is impossible.'

In passing, Mr. Churchill indulges in a delightfully veiled sarcasm at the expense of Colonel Boraston's 'offensive-defensive' book, *Sir Douglas Haig's Command*—a book giving the collective view of British Headquarters,

'that should in no way obscure the service he has rendered to everyone except his Chief.' If this is the light thrust of a rapier, a passage on Sir William Robertson's latest book is a sabre-slash:—

In an illuminating sentence he complained that 'certain Ministers still held fast to the belief that victory could never be won — or only at prohibitive cost — by straightforward action on the Western Front, and that it must be sought by lines of indirect attack elsewhere.' 'Straightforward action on the Western Front' in 1915 (when Robertson was Chief of the Staff in France) and in 1916 and 1917 (when he was C. I. G. S.) meant, and could only mean, frontal assaults on fortified positions defended by wire and machine guns without the necessary superiority of numbers, or an adequate artillery, or any novel offensive method. He succeeded in enforcing this policy against the better judgment of successive Cabinets or War Councils, with the result that when he left the War Office in February 1918 the British and French Armies were at their weakest point in strength and fighting power, and the Germans for the first time since the original invasion had gathered so great a superiority of Reserves as to be able to launch a gigantic attack.

Continuing his merciless series of facts and figures, a succession of mental hammer-blows, Mr. Churchill pertinently asks: 'In the face of the official figures now published and set out in the tables, what becomes of the argument of "the battle of attrition"? If we lose three or four times as many officers and nearly twice as many men in our attack as the enemy in his defense, how are we wearing him down? The result of every one of these offensives was to leave us relatively weaker . . . than the enemy.' And he shows that the losses inflicted on the Germans during the years 1915 to 1917 were considerably less than their annual intake of young men reaching military age.

Thus German man power could last out indefinitely on these terms, and it was only the changed and more intense method of 1918 — developed first by Ludendorff in his own onslaughts, and then by Foch in the autumn — which by its concentrated consumption of man power bankrupted the German resources.

If I have dwelt at length on this chapter, it is only because it is the most vital, not because the other chapters are less interesting. As a great piece of literature and the greatest of literary searchlights on the dark confusion of the world conflict, these two volumes maintain the standard and consummate the task of the earlier volumes. They are somewhat different in nature, for the earlier ones were written from the standpoint of one who took a leading part in the great drama, whereas these are from behind the scenes, but not from the stage. During 1916 and the first half of 1917 Mr. Churchill was a private if intimate eyewitness, and even thereafter, although in his post as Minister of Munitions he had a great influence on the war, he had a less vital part in the conduct of the war than in the early years. There are, indeed, numerous fresh side-lights on the actions and reactions of governments and war offices, but, in the main, the narrative is a marshaling of facts already disclosed in the mass of war documents and post-war revelations published in France and Germany, which the ordinary reader has had neither the time nor the skill to explore. And but for Mr. Churchill the public might never know of them, for few writers have the analytical power and literary grace to select and weave these facts into a clear and fascinating story, and fewer still have the fame and personality to attract the wider public. Jean de Pierrefeu perhaps succeeded in France with his *G. Q. G.* and *Plutarch* a

menti, but his scope was narrower, and he lacked the figures which are Mr. Churchill's supreme asset — fittingly, in a Chancellor of the Exchequer! If in some parts he draws freely upon Pierrefeu, as well as other Continental writers, even then he is 'Pierrefeu plus figures' — an essential difference.

And there is all his distinctive art in his treatment of the theme. How vivid and how true the opening picture: 'The New Year's light of 1916, rising upon a frantic and miserable world, revealed in its full extent the immense battlefield to which Europe was reduced and on which the noblest nations of Christendom mingled in murderous confusion.' 'There was no escape. All the combatants in both combinations were gripped in a vise from which no single State could extricate itself.' France could not — because her soil lay under the invader's heel. Germany 'could not, in the full flush of her strength, yield what she had gained with so much blood. . . . Any German dynasty or government which had proposed so wise and righteous a course would have been torn to pieces.' 'In Britain, obligations of honor to her suffering Allies . . . forbade the slightest suggestion of slackening or withdrawal. And behind this decisive claim of honor there welled up from the heart of the island race a fierce, suppressed passion and resolve for victory at all costs and all risks, latent since the downfall of Napoleon.' Thus, 'each of the vast confederacies was riveted together within itself, and each part chained to its respective foe by bonds which only the furnace of war could fuse or blast away.'

The first clash of 1916 was at Verdun, and Mr. Churchill brings out vividly the negligence of the French Command, which so nearly had fatal results. But one cannot agree with his view of Falkenhayn, in 1915, endowing Ger-

many with a consistent policy of attacking the weaker. Falkenhayn's defect was that he had no consistency, but only half measures, and so almost bankrupted his country. On the other hand, post-war documents have shown the truth of an appreciation of the German object in the Verdun offensive which Mr. Churchill contributed to a magazine in August 1916. It is pleasant, also, to see him correct the unjust view which a war-heated opinion in this country took of the Crown Prince's action in the war. Instead of instigating the Verdun slaughter for his own glorification, the Crown Prince tried to prevent it. I would correct one point which gives a wrong impression. The explosion of a shell at 4 A.M. on February 21 in the Archbishop's Palace at Verdun is a neat literary curtain-raiser, but, in fact, the bombardment did not begin until 7.15 A.M.; nor was it brief, for the attack was not launched until 4.45 P.M. But it is yet another tribute to the author's foresight that, in commenting upon the battle at the time, he suggested and foreshadowed the method of elastic defense at last adopted in 1918, two years later.

Next he devotes three chapters to Jutland, and gives a form and clarity to this much-befogged sea battle such as no one else has done. He does full justice to Jellicoe's dominant concern not to endanger the vital security of the Fleet — 'Jellicoe was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon.' He states that Jellicoe had a more than ample margin of superiority — fully two to one; he quarrels in strong language with the system of command and training which he had developed in the Fleet, which, he alleges, led to overcentralization and restriction of all initiative in the leaders of squadrons and divisions. The naval neglect of tactical study, the absence of tactical textbooks, and the

mystery in which the meagre instructions were enshrouded, have ever been a source of wonder to soldiers, who know from history and experience that sound tactics in an army are essentially the product of ceaseless discussion and reflection by many minds — '*la critique est la vie de la science.*' Thus the Fleet fought at Jutland as a single inflexible line, like armies in the days before Napoleon developed the system of independent divisions. Tactically it was an armless body.

Again, on the question of Jellicoe's much-criticized action in deploying on the wing furthest from the enemy, he suggests that there was a third alternative without the disadvantage of either of the others — deployment on the centre, for which, although it had fallen into desuetude, there was an old and well-known signal in the Navy. Finally, on the night escape of the German fleet, Mr. Churchill argues that Admiral Jellicoe left unguarded the most obvious channel, that of Horn's Reef, for the Germans to take, and the one they actually took. And although there was warning both from an Admiralty message and from the firing which came when the German fleet broke through the light cruisers in rear of our fleet, the latter went tranquilly on its course. While recognizing the uncertainty of all warfare, Mr. Churchill points out that three chances of an annihilating victory went begging, and remarks that 'three times is a lot.'

He turns to the equally ineffective land battle, so-called, of that year — the Somme. There are some fine examples of his prose and his acuteness of summing up. Of July 1 he writes: —

Night closed on the still thundering battlefield. Nearly 60,000 British soldiers had fallen. . . . This was the greatest loss and slaughter sustained in a single day in the whole history of the British Army. Of the infantry who advanced to the attack,

nearly half had been overtaken by death, wounds, or capture. Against this . . . we had gained 4000 prisoners and a score of cannon. It needs some hardihood for Colonel Boraston to write: 'The events of July 1 . . . bore out the conclusions of the British higher command, and amply justified the tactical methods employed.'

And again: —

The anatomy of Verdun and the Somme were the same. . . . Through this awful arena all the divisions of each army, battered ceaselessly by the enveloping artillery, were made to pass in succession, as if they were the teeth of interlocking cogwheels grinding each other. But this sombre verdict . . . in no way diminishes the true glory of the British Army. A young Army, but the finest we have ever marshaled; improvised at the sound of the cannonade, every man a volunteer . . . they grudged no sacrifice, however unfruitful, and shrank from no ordeal, however destructive. . . . If two lives or ten lives were required by their commanders to kill one German, no word of complaint ever arose from the fighting troops. . . . The battlefields of the Somme were the graveyards of Kitchener's Army. The flower of that generous manhood which quitted peaceful civilian life in every kind of workaday occupation, which came at the call of Britain, and, as we may still hope, at the call of humanity, and came from the most remote parts of her Empire, was shorn away forever in 1916. Unconquerable except by death, which they had conquered, they have set up a monument of native virtue which will command the wonder, the reverence, and the gratitude of our island people as long as we endure as a nation among men. The epitaph is worthy of the dead.

On the first use, or misuse, of the tanks on the Somme Mr. Churchill has some severe comments, and reveals that he had warned the political as General Swinton had warned the military chiefs that this surprise weapon must be kept until they could launch it in decisive masses. On this and other points Mr. Churchill claims, with

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justice, that 'I pass no important criticisms on the conduct of commanders unless there exists documentary proof that substantially the same criticisms were put on record before or during the event, and while every point was disputed and unknowable.'

In his chapters on America's intervention he endorses the verdict of most students of the war that 'the moral consequence of the United States joining the Allies was indeed the deciding cause in the conflict.' The view one takes of his remark that 'the war ended long before the material power of the United States could be brought to bear as a decisive . . . factor' depends on the interpretation of the word 'decisive.' The American armies certainly did not take a decisive part in the campaign in the autumn of 1918, which gained victory. But without their reinforcements in midsummer, while the scales hovered in the balance, it is doubtful whether the Allied line could have been patched together and whether Ludendorff would not have snatched victory. On President Wilson there is this drastic verdict: —

Nothing can reconcile what he said after March 1917 with the guidance he had given before. What he did in April 1917 could have been done in May 1915. And if done then, what abridgment of the slaughter . . . in how many million homes would an empty chair be occupied to-day; how different would be the shattered world in which victors and vanquished alike are condemned to live.

There is an apt sketch of Mr. Lloyd George's strength and weakness. He 'possessed two characteristics which were in harmony with this period of the convulsion. First, a power of living in the present, without taking short views. Every day for him was filled with the hope and impulse of a fresh beginning.' Second, he 'seemed to have a peculiar power of drawing from misfortune

itself the means of future success.' The work of the Ministry of Munitions and its contribution toward victory could not have a better memorial than in these volumes. For Mr. Churchill's own part, we follow his efforts to decentralize and yet synthesize control — reducing fifty departmental chiefs to ten, who formed a 'Cabinet'; his renewed care over the growth of his foster child, the tank; above all, his concentration of thought and preparation for the 'mechanical battle' which was the goal for 1919. He might perhaps have made some mention of those other young and active minds who in the Army had been working to the same end. For the credit which is his rightful due is far too ample to be diminished thereby.

Returning to the strategy of the war, he explodes the myth that the Passchendaele campaign was necessary to destroy the U-boat bases on the Belgian coast — for the submarine campaign was 'based on the main German naval harbors.' If Mr. Churchill favored the Palestine offensive, he did not agree with the laborious method adopted of eating up the Turkish power bit by bit, beginning with the toes. He wonders, like many soldiers, why 'the obvious manœuvre of landing an army behind the Turks was dismissed by Sir William Robertson as venturesome and impracticable.' It is also of interest to note that he contends that instead of the Somme offensive, which was doomed before it began, our best plan in 1916 would have been a fresh and real surprise spring at the Dardanelles. As he points out, such a move would have repeated the ruse of William the Conqueror at Hastings, and, one may add, of still more primitive warriors whose native common sense has not yet been submerged by pedantry.

It will be incredible to future generations that the strategists of an island people then

blessed with the unique and sovereign attribute of sea power should, throughout the whole of the Great War, have failed so utterly to turn it to offensive profit.

On the vexed question of the shortage of man power in France when the German blow fell in March 1918, Mr. Churchill tells us that up to December the military authorities were still full of offensive plans for the spring. Then 'a sudden sinister impression was sustained by the General Staff. The cry for a fresh offensive died away. The mood swung round to pure defense — and against heavy odds. It was a revolution at once silent and complete. I responded to it with instant relief. The War Cabinet, however . . . did not readily conform to the military volte-face, and were skeptical of tales so utterly at variance with those of a few weeks before. I urged' — the memorandum is given — 'that the Cabinet should send all the men that were needed to reconstitute the Army, and should, at the same time, forbid absolutely any resumption of the offensive. The Prime Minister, however, did not feel that, if the troops were once in France, he would be able to resist those military pressures for an offensive which had so often overborne the wiser judgment of statesmen. He therefore held . . . to a different policy. He sanctioned only a moderate reënforcement of the Army, while . . . gathering in England the largest possible numbers of reserves.'

Severe as are his earlier criticisms, Mr. Churchill does ample justice and pays eloquent tribute to Haig as man and as leader in the crisis, and in the final advance to victory. Between Foch and Haig he strikes a just balance, and appreciates how, in the last phase, Haig at times perceived the trend of events and the right course sooner than either Foch or the British Cabinet. 'Both these illustrious soldiers had

year after year conducted with obstinacy and serene confidence offensives which we now know to have been as hopeless as they were disastrous. But the conditions had now changed. Both were now provided with offensive weapons which the military science of neither would have conceived.' In addition, Ludendorff, playing for high stakes, had bankrupted Germany, whereas the 'swift and ceaseless inflow of the Americans turned the balance of man power heavily in favor of the Allies.' 'Thus both Haig and Foch were vindicated in the end. They were throughout consistently true to their professional theories, and when, in the fifth campaign of the war, the facts began, for the first time, to fit the theories, they reaped their just reward.' It is a discerning verdict, which military history is likely to endorse.

The book's conclusion maintains the high level of the whole, combining an original suggestion, a generous but balanced tribute to the foe, and a lofty appeal.

The German people are worthy of better explanations than the shallow tale that they were undermined by enemy propaganda. If the propaganda was effective, it was because it awoke an echo in German hearts, and stirred misgivings which from the beginning had dwelt there. Thus, when four years of blockade and battle . . . had sapped the vitality of the German people, the rebellious whispers of conscience became the proclaimed opinion of millions. . . . For four years Germany fought and defied the five continents of the world by land and sea and air . . . and nearly 20,000,000 men perished or shed their blood before the sword was wrested from that terrible hand. Surely, Germans, for history it is enough!

Is this the end? Is it to be merely a chapter in a cruel and senseless story? . . . Or will there spring from the very fires of conflict that reconciliation of the three giant combatants which would unite their genius and secure to each in safety and freedom a share in rebuilding the glory of Europe?

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MOBILIZED ITALY¹

BY SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

THIS is the fifth year of the new era in Italy, and all official documents are dated 'Anno V.'

The Socialists and Communists, who came near to plunging the country into civil strife after the war, and possibly establishing a Soviet, have been run to earth. Old laws have been kicked into the discard, and the Prime Minister is fertile in devising new schemes of patriotism, national economies, industrial progress, and moral conduct. Mussolini decrees, Parliament accepts, the people obey.

Personal liberty has been abolished, and democracy declared to be out of date. Espionage, which weaves through all classes of society, hampers conversation.

There is no question, however, that in a hundred ways Italy has made a tremendous revolution, is now better governed, and that all classes are working. There is practically no unemployment. Great public works are in full swing. The Budget deficit has been turned into a surplus. There is a stern stability in national affairs.

Mussolini told the Italians they needed discipline. They have agreed, and are getting plenty of it. When I have said to Italians that Fascism is contrary to the most enlightened doctrines of democracy, they answer, 'Maybe, but compare the industrial condition of this country with your own.'

It is novel to be in a country where

there are neither strikes nor lockouts. It is strange to hear of thousands of deadheads and unnecessary employees being cleared out of government departments and off the railways, and to find the public service improved. It is refreshing to be told that Fascism, which is 'a mode of life,' has developed a sense of duty and brotherhood between workers and employers.

Other countries will watch with peculiar interest the experiments Mussolini has started to prevent industry continuing to be the cruel sport of conflicting interests by making it part of the machinery of State, and replacing the vote of the mob with a Council containing a balanced representation of all active forces in the country. In one of his heroic orations Mussolini declared: 'I do not worship the new divinity, the masses.' He has repudiated the 'myth' that because the masses are numerous they must be right.

'Syndicalism' is a nasty-sounding word in British ears. It arouses visions of hordes of infuriated men seizing factories, throwing out the employers, and running the places for their own benefit, but failing. In the bad days following the war, when Italy, torn, disillusioned, incompetently governed, was reeling toward anarchy, something like that happened in manufacturing areas. Yet Mussolini has adopted the word, and the great experiment of National Syndicalism has been started.

The law is that there must be no strikes under any pretext whatever. Trade-unions, disturbing the welfare of

¹ From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), March 6

the nation to obtain what they want, are prohibited. It is not the demands of the workers that Mussolini is against, but the methods formerly practised.

Nor will he permit lockouts. He holds that the nation consists of all the people, that for their material and spiritual welfare they must be taught coöperation, that it is madness to have civil war during the industrial crisis of the world. Italy is a crowded country, and if there is to be economic salvation there must be increased production. Whether we approve his methods or not, Italy has turned her face toward prosperity since Mussolini took charge. In a population of forty millions there are fewer than one hundred thousand out of work.

When Mussolini announced his scheme of syndicalizing industry for the benefit of the nation, his critics said: 'Your syndicalism will end in every way like that of the Socialists, and you will have of necessity to promote class war.' And Mussolini's reply was that the effect would be precisely the contrary. That we have to see.

Councils have been established of workers and employers and an independent nominee of the Government to consider trade differences. Private enterprise is encouraged as a necessary incentive, but in disputes all cards must be on the table, so that the men may know exactly the economic situation. The two sides must meet in conference; there can be no lightning strikes, no downing of tools, no threat that if one side does not have its desire trade will be disorganized and other workers, to give a helping hand in discommoding the public, become idle as a sign of sympathy. When a collective agreement has been made, the law is to descend with a heavy fist on the party which breaks the contract.

Syndicalism outside Italy has meant the conquering of economic interests

by the proletariat. Inside Italy it means that the classes representing capital, intellectual labor, and manual labor shall be one indissoluble body, meaning the State. No class must usurp power to dictate. Everybody has to get it not only into the mind, but into the heart, that the moral and material welfare of the country is one and the same thing. During the last few weeks it has been persistently dinned into me that Fascism is not a political creed; it is a mode of life.

The Syndical Law, which was placed on the statute book nearly a year ago, is now in operation. I learn that already nearly four million people — employers and employed, manufacturers and artisans, bankers and clerks, lawyers, peasants, journalists, architects, farmers, teachers, high and low, representing all sections of industry — have formed themselves into syndicates.

All categories of people — professional men, municipal employees, post office, telegraph, and tramway workers, and all grades on the railways — are speedily being organized. Within the next few months it is not likely that any man, professional, manufacturer, or simple workman, will be outside the syndicate that deals with his position in life.

It is just as though in England all manufacturers' associations and all trade-unions were abolished, and under order of the Government every man in every trade, no matter what his rank, was compelled to be a member of his trade or professional syndicate. It is not at all necessary to be a Fascist to belong to the syndicate, though I learn there is a certain amount of persuasion so that everybody does. It is to be noted that a number of men, formerly ardent Socialists, have become enthusiastic champions for the new syndicalism.

I have explained that collective agreements have the sanctity of law. But disputes between capital and labor are inevitable. So special courts are established, called the 'Magistracy of Labor,' consisting of three judges of the Court of Appeal with two expert advisers, specialists on the particular industry or matter in dispute. These courts are commanded, when arriving at their decision, not to consider the interests of the syndicate or syndicates first, but to keep in the forefront of their thought the benefit to the nation collectively.

This Magistracy of Labor is the final court of arbitration. There is no appeal from its decision. *During a dispute there must be continuity of production.* Lockouts or strikes are crimes, and, while the penalties are graded, they are especially severe if the strike is in any public service or services of utility. Further, no employer can give notice of reduction of wages without consent of the employed and approval of the syndicate. Thus the law, the State, is greater than any section of the community, and, through the syndicates, all workers are part of the State. That is the new syndicalism.

Parliamentary representative government, as we understand it in England, has been destroyed. Long before Mussolini came on the scene it had fallen under the contempt of the people of Italy. It was inefficient and corrupt; it was a party game with spoils to the victors. What gave Mussolini his superb opportunity, when seven years ago the Reds were starting a reign of terror, was that the Government, or rather succession of Governments, was impotent except in tremulously yielding to the bullying demands of the Communists. No tears were shed by the general population when Mussolini declared that so far as Italy was concerned democratic government was

a failure. It was flabby; it talked too much; it was sectional grabbing with no thought of the State. What Italy needed was a national conscience, a purification of its soul, and discipline!

He is creating a new form of parliament called the Ministry of Corporations. Definite details of this daring social turnover are still in the mould; but the principles are clear.

This Ministry is an outgrowth of the syndicalist idea. It is quality of expressed thought and not the shout of the crowd that is going to count. So all businesses, all trades, all professions, all who contribute materially or intellectually to the country's welfare, form themselves into guilds, and out of them will grow a National Council of Corporations, very much on the pattern, I gather, of the English Trades-Union Council, except that in Italy it will be representative of every class that is contributing to the well-being of the State.

This Council is composed of the Minister of Corporations, who presides, an Undersecretary, the Director-General of Labor of the Ministry of National Economy, a representative of each of the other Ministries, two representatives of each of the national syndical confederations, a representative of each of the general confederations of employers and workers, and a representative of the National Foundation for Maternity and Infancy.

No Italian need belong to a guild unless he wants to, just as it is not compulsory for an Englishman to belong to his trade-union; but if he does not, it is made uncomfortable for him. No doubt millions of Italians have joined the Fascist movement for precisely the same reason. Anyway, within the range of the Ministry of Corporations Mussolini looks to getting the sound, sane opinions of Italians expressed coöperatively. It is the State which is

speaking. So, according to a Government memorandum which lies before me, 'syndicalism is an unsuppressible phenomenon of contemporary society, a gigantic, vertical trust of labor.'

High officials with whom I have conversed, and in close touch with Mussolini, have a sort of tensioned nervous confidence about this new and complicated machine by which the Government may be well informed of 'Public Right.' No class of the community is to get advantage over another; only the State is to be benefited. There can be no war between the classes.

While the Magistracy of Labor provides for compulsory arbitration, neither the guilds, which have important administrative duties imposed upon them, nor the National Council of Corporations, nor the Ministry of Corporations — intended to take the place of Parliament — have any parliamentary powers in the British sense. There is intended to be structural harmony in

the Fascist legislative edifice, but Fascism, as Mussolini said recently, is 'rigidly and ferociously unitarian.' In many of his speeches the Prime Minister has glorified the strong men in history who have acted on the impulse of their own consciences. All power in Italy rests ultimately and unquestionably with Mussolini. There is an atmosphere of infallibility in Rome.

Mussolini is above the people; his position is not dependent on any vote in Parliament. The King makes him Prime Minister, and until the King un-makes him he remains Prime Minister. Mussolini, therefore, is Prime Minister for life — indeed, as he holds seven portfolios in the Government, he is the Government. What is going to be the end of his supreme and almost superb autocracy nobody dare guess — but many serious-minded Italians are getting nervous. Most Italians, however, are proud in the belief that Mussolini is the savior of their country.

COMMUNIST SKETCHES¹

BY A. KOLOSOV

UNDER a sky black as India ink fiery rockets are bursting — purple, red, orange, yellow, and violet. Nightly demonstrations and meetings are being celebrated to commemorate the ninth anniversary of the Red October. From the harbor and outlying districts march the young workers, under blazing torches and behind flapping flags.

The capital of Russia broke the

¹ From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), February 6

chains of international slavery and international oppression nine years ago in October, and the workers of Canton are observing this anniversary. The main square of the great city, flooded with a sea of lights, reverberates to battle cries and metallic shouts. From a scaffold decorated with purple, red, and green flags that glow in the torch-light a high, nasal voice can be heard announcing the following holiday message: 'Ts'in Chu will speak the word.

Tsin Chu has just come from Moscow.' Silence, broken only by the rustling of flags. The flames of the torches flicker higher and higher. And in their laughing light the youthful face of Tsin Chu.

'I come from Moscow,' he says in a low voice.

'He comes from Moscow,' echoes the crowd. 'Moscow.' The word passes over the whole square like a word of joy.

'There I have learned my lesson from Lenin.'

'He has learned from Lenin,' the voices of the young harbor workers reply. 'Lenin,' comes the reply from a group of school-children.

'Lenin lies near the Kremlin. He lies there near where he lived, as if he knew that his teaching would spread over the whole world and even reach us. I have come to tell you —'

'Louder!' demands the crowd. 'People can't hear!' cry the voices of the children.

Tsin Chu would have liked to speak louder, but his voice weakened after the first few sentences, and his passionately awaited words could not be heard beyond the first rows of the audience. Tsin Chu's lips could be seen moving in the glow of the flickering torches and under the flapping flags, and his thin, fragile hands moved too, as if through them he would communicate his thoughts to the crowd. When he had finished his speech that no one had heard, the longshoremen lifted him on their shoulders as high as they could and carried him away between flags. And he, the fragile little Tsin Chu, who had just come from far-away Moscow where he had learned Lenin's lesson, exemplified to them on this flaming night the living truth of the present day and all their hopes for future victory.

It was easier for Yen Kai-shin, much easier, to reduce a prosperous city to

ashes than for most people to smoke a pipe. He thought no more of bloodshed than of a stream of cool water. Yen Kai-shin, Governor of Anchow. Many frightful stories have been told of atrocities hundreds of years ago, but these stories cannot compare with the reality of the present time, with the frightful conditions of to-day. In July 1926 a delegation came to the dictator of Anchow. It was composed of students, merchants, and peasants. The delegation spoke in honorable words of the desire of the people to help Yen Kai-shin, and expressed their willingness to place themselves at his dictatorial disposal, and to offer their children and goods to his army. But they begged at the same time that he prevent the shameful treatment of women and the senseless beating of children.

Yen Kai-shin listened to the delegation, and then called an English officer into his presence. He spoke in a low, quiet voice, in just the same tones that the delegation had used toward him. 'There are certain dogs,' he said, 'that fawn upon you so that they may sink their teeth all the deeper into your calf. You old fellows are just like them. Your loathsome bodies are here in my presence, but your thoughts are with the hordes of rats you represent. That is the first thing that the eyes of my wisdom contemplate. The second thing that the eyes of my wisdom discern is the superfluity of human beings. In Anchow there are much sand and many people. The sand is harmless, and your horde of rats can do nothing with it. But you are pernicious because you come here and demand bread for your rats — bread that the army needs, but that the rats wish to devour. And the third thing that the eyes of my wisdom discern is the weak bodies of the men who would thrust me down the wrong road and bring me to destruction.'

Yen Kai-shin dismissed the delegation.

Life in Anchow is unbearably difficult, because Yen Kai-shin has ruled there and the province has been embittered by three defeats. He no longer believes in victory, but he believes whatever the English officer tells him. The latter insists that Yen Kai-shin's army be divided into two groups in order to break the front of the Cantonese, to annihilate them, and to open the way to Canton.

Before the army departs its officers announce to the men: 'It is true that your houses are laid waste and your families have been killed, but Yen Kai-shin has no other love than his love for his soldiers. He says to you: "Soldiers, your sacrifices will be a thousand times repaid when you have your lost properties and lands restored to you through victory."'

Yen Kai-shin's army moved against the Cantonese, and Yen Kai-shin himself accompanied it to take part in its victory. The English officer had worked out a plan, and his strategic talent had evolved the following scheme. The army was to be divided into two sections, one of which would make a general attack and establish a front line of defense on the northern flank. This section would advance with heavy artillery fire and the best troops available. All the other forces were to form a zigzag line on the left. The Cantonese would attack this line and the fight would begin. Then the powerful forces on the north would break through the Cantonese lines, and would turn their fire and march toward the South and destroy the Cantonese in that quarter. Thus the army of Yen Kai-shin marched forth to meet the forces of Canton.

On the night of the sixteenth of October one hundred and twenty Cantonese deserters joined the northern

flank of Yen Kai-shin's forces. The deserters were brought at once before the officers, and stated that it had been rumored that the Cantonese army was suffering from a lack of artillery ammunition. The oldest of the deserters was not more than twenty years old, and the youngest was barely fifteen. The oldest one pointed to the youngsters and said: 'How things now stand in Canton no one can quite say. When such little fellows as these are sent into the field it is plain enough that the end is near.'

The deserters' advice to commence artillery fire was taken without further question. Thus it happened that during the night of the sixteenth of October the artillery men in Yen Kai-shin's army were muttering in low voices to the deserters from Canton. The young deserters knew there was no need for their speaking low — it was as foolish as wondering how to set off a powder magazine when you have matches in your pocket. On the night of the sixteenth of October, 1926, the artillery on the northern flank of Yen Kai-shin's army turned its fire on the very place where the English officer was talking to the dictator about the champion chess-player of Europe. On the night of the sixteenth of October one hundred and twenty Cantonese deserters had wrecked the power of the dictator, Yen Kai-shin, by working from within.

Three hours before Sun Chang-fang marched against Chang Tsu, three warning shots were given. Sow Chow's regiments, from which the Cantonese deserters had come, were reading bundles of Kuomintang and Communist Party proclamations before the door of the old castle where they were quartered. In the centre of the town all was still. Near the Governor's yamen children were carrying machine-gun am-

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munition in their carts. The Kuomintang had decided to equip its regiments with literature and weapons at the same time. The children belonged to a cavalry division of Sun Chang-fang. Seven fell during a sabre charge, and three were captured and sentenced to death by a court-martial.

Dawn was breaking. Half a mile from the ruins of Tasmatsochu stood the boys who had been sentenced to death — three youthful revolutionaries, chained to a single beam. The executioners sharpened their knives to a razor edge. The oldest of the boys, Fo Chu-chin, was pale as death and bit his lips until the blood came. The youngest, a fifteen-year-old lad called Tong Lin-chu, still had red in his cheeks, and he looked at Fo Chu-chin with wide-open eyes. For a moment the doomed pair exchanged a rapid glance. 'They will come,' said Tong Lin-chu in a low voice; 'they will come.'

Fo Chu-chin did not reply. Doubt was in his eyes, and through this

doubt a final desperate intention glimmered. The sky grew red as the sun rose, and the executioners still sharpened their knives.

'They have come!' cried Tong Lin-chu all of a sudden, as he fixed his eyes on a little hill on which the morning sun had just begun to shine. 'They have come!'

Like an answer to his cry, the rattle of machine guns could be heard from the little hill, and a moment later the executioners and their victims were all wounded. Five bodies lay on the ground, three of them fastened to a beam. A joyful group of Kuomintang volunteers dashed over to them. These volunteers at once freed two of the bodies that were linked to the beam, but the third, Tong Lin-chu, who a minute before had looked forward so joyfully to the arrival of the volunteers, was dead. The boy's head had sunk to his chest, and the volunteers lifted it up a little. The morning sun reflected from his glazed eyes a flash of inner joy and triumph.

HANKOW IMPRESSIONS¹

BY A GERMAN AT LARGE

SINCE the first of January, Hankow has been the official capital of the Nationalist Government of the Republic of China. A few weeks before that date the city fell into the hands of the political group which has been fighting, ever since the first Chinese revolution was betrayed by Yuan Shih-kai in 1911, to

make that revolution a success. In this effort it has met with varying fortunes. On more than one occasion it lost even its cramped base at Canton, and Sun Yat-sen's widely heralded punitive expeditions against the North never advanced beyond the southernmost provinces. Now, unexpectedly, in 1926, the Cantonese have overrun all South China, have crossed the

¹ From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), February 27

Yangtze, and begin with youthful presumption to claim the whole country as their own.

Rarely has a war of liberation been so slandered as this one. Seldom, however, has it been so difficult to get at the true political inwardness of a movement. For the most part the English-language press of the Far East has faced it with utter lack of comprehension. A man who for thirty years has drunk his daily cocktail at the Shanghai Club — or at the 'longest bar in the world' — is commonly assumed to know China thoroughly inside and out. But this new something at Hankow has nothing whatever in common with the China of boys, mafus, compradores, and shroffs which is the only China this old resident knows. Furthermore, hordes of Russian Bolsheviki have flocked to Canton. Ergo, the whole thing is a Russian Bolshevik plot which every real Chinaman — 'I know my Chinaman' — abhors in the bottom of his heart. On the other hand, American newspapers in the Far East are either too sentimental or too sensational to be reliable sources of information. And as to the Chinese, those outside the territories controlled by the Nationalist Government are under the strictest kind of censorship, and those inside those territories are steeped in propaganda. The Nationalist leaders have not yet mastered the art of plausible publicity. So the only way to learn what the Cantonese really are, and what they are about, is to go and see for one's self.

I was at Peking when news came, late last December, that the Nationalist Government would be formally inaugurated in Hankow on New Year's Day. A railway journey of only seven hundred miles more or less separated me from that point, but no trains had been running over the line for several months. Consequently it required a

ten days' detour by water to reach Hankow. I spent fourteen days up there, and these are my impressions.

Wuhan, the new capital, will not be found on any map of China; but every map shows the three neighboring cities — Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang — which form it. During the summer, when the water is high, ocean steamers drop anchor in the Yangtze opposite them. In fact, large vessels can sail seven or eight hundred miles farther up. You can properly denominate such a river 'a mighty stream.'

My steamer reached Wuhan at noon on January 16. I call it my steamer, but it was christened the Luen-ho, and had been built at Dunkirk. Nevertheless, I think I am justified in calling it mine, since for three days and a half the captain, the first and the second mate, the chief engineer, the assistant engineer and machinists, three Yangtze pilots, and a great crew of firemen, sailors, stewards, and other employees of the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company, had occupied themselves exclusively with bringing me here. A couple of coolies in the third class, and the eight bags of potatoes which constituted the entire cargo and were taken off by English gunboats at Kiukiang, hardly count. I had for my exclusive use fourteen staterooms, a large social hall, and a magnificent promenade deck. In these days you go up the Yangtze in lordly solitude. It is quite different going down; then every square yard of deck-room is crowded with hundreds of English, American, and other white refugees; the hotels and boarding houses of Shanghai are packed with them. Newspapers are full of absurdly sensational stories of conditions along the middle and upper Yangtze. The English concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang are reported in the hands of the mob. The residents are said to have taken refuge in gun-

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boats or — at Hankow — in a single building on shore, under the protection of British, American, and other cannon. People stared at me in astonishment when I took passage at Shanghai for Hankow on the eleventh of January.

Now we are lying here in the middle of the stream, opposite the Hankow Bund, which stretches away broad and empty to the right. We are moored in the midst of merchant vessels and warships, and a misty drizzle obscures the view. One of the ship's officers points out to me the principal buildings, the Customs House, the big banks, the consulates, and the offices of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, where all the English and many of the Americans have been concentrated since the fifth of the month.

It is no pleasure excursion to land at Hankow in a sampan under a cold winter rain. The boat's broad prow is driven up as far as possible on the mud, which reaches some thirty feet from the sea wall into the water. You jump out on the slippery slope and half skate to the nearest steps. I had already bargained with a coolie on the steamer to take my luggage to the hotel for one dollar. In normal times it would cost twenty cents. But before we fairly balanced ourselves on the slippery bank, two robust vagabonds rushed up to share my porter's load. The result was that two men joined in carrying my suitcase and my typewriter, and a third trailed after us to the hotel. There they demanded four dollars instead of one. A neatly clad young Chinaman who introduced himself as 'one of the authorities' intervened and volunteered to have the coolies arrested forthwith, whereupon the latter, having received a dollar and a half, backed away with many profound bows.

In a document issued by the Nationalist Government of the Chinese Republic mention is made of the

fact that foreigners in China, through their policy of exacting concessions in which to reside and conduct their business, have unnaturally concentrated all the trade of the country in a few spots, to the prejudice of the Chinese. Such an argument has its propaganda value. It is so scientifically expressed that you hesitate to question it. But there is plenty of evidence to prove its falsity. That would require a brief excursion into history, however. All the uninformed observer sees is that the best business quarter in any Chinese city is the foreign concession. He does not know that before the foreigner came Hongkong was a pirate stronghold, Shanghai was a fifth-rate port with its harbor gradually silting up, and Hankow — in 1861, when the English obtained the first concession here — was a straggling village of some ten thousand people, while Hanyang, on the other side of the Han River, was still smaller, and Wuchang, on the south side of the Yangtze, opposite both Hankow and Hanyang, was the really important town. To-day the population of Wuhan, the new municipality embracing the three old towns, has between two and three million inhabitants. Probably there is no larger city in the country. It ranks third in exports and fourth in imports, although it is nearly six hundred miles from the ocean.

A man arriving from the coast after eighty hours on a steamer, provided he takes a fast vessel, finds himself apparently in a European town. Where sixty years ago was a swampy bank half flooded with yellow water there are now between two and three miles of filled land with a high sea wall. This is the Bund, the eastern end of which is now the Japanese — formerly the German — concession, the middle the French — formerly the Russian — concession, and the westernmost the Eng-

lish — or perhaps we should say, the former English — settlement, extending to the imposing Customs House. At that building, which is in Chinese territory, the Han River bends toward the north, and along its shore for two or three miles more are tiers and tiers of houses. This Chinese section of Hankow is likewise a wonderfully modern town, built upon the ruins of a former, much smaller, settlement, which was one of the few victims of the Revolution of 1911.

I like Hankow. I like the Bund, with its three rows of handsome trees, vocal with vivacious starlings. I admire the six- and seven-story shops and banks, the consulates, the palm-embowered villas and gardens which extend for three or four squares back from the business street, and the tidy asphalt pavements spotlessly clean and perfectly drained. I also admire the great business houses of the Chinese firms in the native town, and I have wandered in delight through a labyrinth of narrow lanes and alleys between buildings three and four stories high. And all these streets are crowded, thronged with merchants and coolies and workmen and workingwomen, the latter with their clothing and hair covered with lint from the cotton mills where they are employed. And it was not until I had roamed through this crowded, busy city for several hours that it occurred to me that I had not seen a single European. I might not have thought of it even then but for the savory odors of a perambulating kitchen, which reminded me that I was hungry and that it was time to find something to eat. Up to the present at least I have not seen even a suggestion of the foreigner-hating mob that the Shanghai press describes as working riot and ruin throughout the city.

I am sitting in a deep armchair

before a modern fireplace, and opposite Eugene Chen, — in Chinese, Chen Yuyen, — the Foreign Minister of the Nationalist Government. He is a slender man of medium height, in the early forties, with a well-mastered nervousness, an alert, intense manner, brilliant, expressive eyes, and a heavy black moustache trimmed in the English fashion. Despite the manners and bearing of a Westerner, he is reputed to be the son of pure Chinese parents, who migrated many years ago to Trinidad in the West Indies, which they made their permanent home. He was born an English subject; he was educated entirely after the English fashion. It is a question whether he ever spoke a word of Chinese before he came to China in 1912, one year after the Revolution. Prior to that he had been an attorney in London, where he had a large and profitable practice. If my memory serves me right, he was the first man to translate the German Constitution of 1871 into English.

What brought this man to China, which was to all intents and purposes a foreign country to him? I do not know. It is enough that he came and began life anew here as a journalist. During the early years of the Revolution he published the *Peking Gazette*, which soon made a name for itself as the best and most informative journal published in the English language under Chinese auspices. His last job before becoming Foreign Minister of the Nationalist Government was editing the *People's Tribune* at Tientsin, a paper that speedily attracted attention for its slashing editorials, attacking British policy and the Mukden Party. As a result, one fine morning Eugene Chen was arrested without a warrant and imprisoned without any charge being made against him. He languished in confinement until the Kuominchun

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troops under the Christian General captured Tientsin a year ago.

Chen still retains his faculty for sharp speech, which adds to the Moscow flavor of his official notes; but he keeps it fairly well in check, realizing that what is proper for a journalist is not permissible for a minister. There is something typical of the man in this conscious self-control. He is enough of an Englishman to know that the Leader of the Opposition must change his ways after a general election has made him a member of the Government. It is more doubtful whether he is enough of a Chinaman to adapt himself to Chinese political methods. I trust not. I hope for China's sake that he will stay an Englishman. That will not make his path easier, perhaps, and I think he realizes it, for a touch of wistful melancholy was in his smile as he characterized himself to me as 'a half-Socialist, hardly a Fabian.' Yet he is broad enough and tactful enough to recognize the ability of Borodin and to show him marked regard.

Wuhan's Minister of Finance, T. B. Sung, is a very different sort of man from Chen. The first time I called upon him his secretary informed me that the Minister was very busy, and at the moment absent from the office. I made an appointment to come a little later, and when I called again at the hour set I was immediately conducted into the Minister's modest little office. I found him a slender man with that deceptive appearance of youthfulness not uncommon among Chinese of good family. He was sitting at a desk, clothed in white silk pajamas. Opposite him lolled a husky fellow wearing a European hat and smoking a big cigar. The few words of their conversation that I overheard indicated the nature of his business. He was a Chinese banker or wholesale merchant who wanted the Minister's signature to something, and

who got it after a brief explanation. As soon as that little matter was dispatched, the Minister turned his steady, direct eyes toward me, and explained that his secretary had left the office without notifying him of my appointment, and that to his regret he would have to ask me to come again. Would nine o'clock the following evening suit my convenience?

Promptly at the hour mentioned I again presented myself at the Ministry. Mr. Sung was just dismissing with ill-concealed impatience two Japanese journalists, after promising to let himself be photographed with them and also alone. The latter picture was to be published; the former was to be kept by the Japanese as a lasting memento for themselves and their children and grandchildren. They explained all this fluently, and had evidently told the same story many times before to other gentlemen in the public eye.

After they had left, the Minister begged my patience for a few minutes while he hastily signed several papers. Finally he seated himself beside me on a little sofa, smiling at my assurance that I had not come in search of his official Party opinions or political generalities, but that I should appreciate greatly a brief statement of what taxes and customs duties his Government proposed to collect, and any statistical information he might have handy as to its receipts and expenditures. The Minister said he wished he had a few facts of that kind, — that they would be exceedingly useful to him, — but such information was not in existence. The country was in the midst of a war and revolution. All the Government was able to do was to collect, and to account for as honestly as possible, the old taxes already established. To precipitate reforms, although they were known to be urgently needed, would only accentuate the

present chaos. The Government must have money, and had to get it by the most effective legitimate measures in its power. Evidently I was talking to a practical-minded, sensible sort of man. My opinion of the Economics Department at Harvard University, where he got his training, rose several points.

Two or three days later another gentleman of the Nationalist Government, to whom I related this conversation, said to me with a smile: 'If you had talked with Mr. Sung after the Shanghai importing house of which he was manager failed, carrying with it a large share of his own property and that of his father-in-law, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, you might not have had such a high opinion of his Harvard economic training.' But this shrewd and sensible gentleman admitted that Mr. Sung was an apt pupil of experience, and had learned rapidly in the Canton Ministry of Finance. I received an impression, however, that some people feel that Dr. Sun Yat-sen's relations are a little too prominent in the Government. Sun Fo, the great revolutionist's son, is Minister of Communications. It is whispered around that this gentleman, formerly mayor of Canton, owns several valuable pieces of real estate in the English crown colony of Hongkong. One of the first things that a real revolution will have to abolish in China is the family system, which still makes it every man's first duty to find jobs for his relatives, down to his second and third cousins. That practice has done as much as any one thing to hamper the progress of modern industry in China. It may be equally fatal to efficiency in a modern government.

Much more might be said about the Nationalist administration. I met

personally three of the ministers — those in charge of foreign affairs, finance, and communications. The Minister of Justice, Hsu Chi'en, completes the quartette. He is the oldest of the four, and a product of the old Manchu system, under which he won all the grades of literary honors and became a member of the Han Lin Yüan. Later he resided abroad. He now calls himself George Hsu, and his Confucian education, although it has left its mark upon him, has not prevented his becoming one of the most radical of the radicals.

In addition to the four ministries at Wuhan, there are several so-called 'commissariats.' They have charge of education, propaganda, relations between the Administration and the Party, and a number of other matters. The Government's revolutionary character is evident from the fact that the average man does not profess to know just what constitutes the Government. Besides ministers and commissars, there are at least nine members of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, who have an important say in public affairs. That Committee meets two or three times a week. All the regular members may not be present, but other officials and prominent Party members attend, although only in an advisory capacity. At bottom the Kuomintang is a Party government. The caucus takes all responsibility. Nothing shows more plainly how difficult it is to found a modern state in China than a remark made to me by the shrewdest and the most modern member of the Party: 'Unless we lifted personal responsibility from the shoulders of our members, we could not get a single decision enforced.'

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FIVE MODERN POETS¹

BY A 'TIMES' REVIEWER

If the study of metaphysics is the study of ultimate realities, then a poet is metaphysical if he asks:

What are the roots that clutch, what branches
grow
Out of this stony rubbish?

The phrase is Mr. Eliot's, and the philosopher's definition is changed because he is a poet. For the metaphysics of a poet must be different from the metaphysics of a philosopher, since the philosopher needs a system that is intellectually unassailable, while the poet can find the key to his system in a gesture and can create beauty by expressing his idea of it. Indeed, it is commonly not the difference but the likeness between a poet's and a philosopher's metaphysics which it is hard to find. In most cases, all that we mean when we say that a poet is metaphysical is that he concerns himself, in common with the philosopher, with something which comes after the physical — that he makes some kind of deduction from, or some kind of construction on the foundation of, the physical world. If this is what we mean by metaphysical, then Mr. Eliot's most important poem, 'The Waste Land,' is metaphysical. In this poem Mr. Eliot constructs out of many rapidly shifting scenes and images a criticism of life, a scale of values, and in short a metaphysical system. That is to say, we may, if we choose to regard 'The Waste Land' as an expression of Mr. Eliot's philosophy,

discover from it what he thinks valuable, what precisely are to him the roots which clutch and the branches which grow. But it is very doubtful whether we can say that 'The Waste Land' is metaphysical in the same sense as Lucretius's or Dante's poetry is metaphysical — that is to say, inspired, as Professor Grierson puts it, 'by a philosophical conception of the universe and the rôle assigned to the human spirit in the great drama of existence.' Mallarmé said that poetry was not made with ideas, but with words; and the absence of a logical connection between the scenes and images of 'The Waste Land' will perhaps show that this is true of this poem at any rate. The philosopher's system which is built on the physical world must be compact and ordered, but a poem which is metaphysical, but not metaphysical in the same way as the *De Rerum Natura*, may grow like a tree, and, though it must still be a whole, there may be in it many irregularities. When both are completed, a philosopher's system is like a house which has been built in an orderly way, brick by brick, and it is best for the bricks to be seen; but a poem like 'The Waste Land' should look as if it had grown out of, and had not been built on, this stony rubbish.

Mr. Eliot's poetry is as unlike a philosopher's system as anything could be. As a rule, when we go beyond the physical we are accustomed only to the logic of the philosopher or to the direct statement of the mystic, who if he is

¹ From the *Times Literary Supplement* (London weekly literary review), February 24

really a mystic is seldom obscure; and so we may attempt to read logic into Mr. Eliot's poetry. But his symbols and his images are not connected logically, and often the connecting link is simpler than logic, so simple that it may escape our notice. This link may be of the nature of free association or the accidents of rime. The following lines from 'The Waste Land' have probably puzzled many of Mr. Eliot's readers:—

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter,
And on her daughter;
They wash their feet in soda water.
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

These lines are placed side by side simply to point the contrast between the actual and the ideal. There is no need either to know that the first three lines are from an Australian ballad and the last from Verlaine's 'Parsifal,' or to try to see some remote but still logical connection between them. Such a contrast as this particularly appeals to Mr. Eliot. Thus in some of his earlier poems there is an ironic contrast between sordid description or absurd and commonplace dialogue and a sudden outburst of passionate feeling, as in the poem, 'A Cooking Egg,' where a husband is looking at his wife Pipit, knitting, and thinks how easily he will be able to do without her when he is surrounded by the distractions of Heaven:—

I shall not want Pipit in Heaven:
Madam Blavatsky will instruct me
In the Seven Sacred Trances.

And then suddenly he says:

But where is the penny world I bought
To eat with Pipit behind the screen?

Mr. Eliot's ideas are strange, and so he has to go beyond familiar metaphors to express them, as happens when Mr.

Prufrock, in 'The Love Song of Alfred J. Prufrock,' lamenting his weakness, says:

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

It is partly because such figures as this are far-fetched that Mr. Eliot seems an obscure poet; but more often it is because his various images are connected with simplicity—or, at any rate, they would seem connected simply if we knew the ins and outs of Mr. Eliot's mind, but not in the ordinary argumentative way in which we are accustomed for a poet's thoughts to move. Mr. Read, at the beginning of his collected poems, gives a quotation from Chapman's 'Ovid's Banquet of Sense':—

Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits, is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labor to be shadowed.

Perhaps most of Mr. Eliot's poetry is shadowed with the proper kind of darkness, but the quotation supplies us with the right word for some of Mr. Eliot's figures. They are indigested. Mr. Eliot writes for himself, and some of his poetry seems to be fragments from a much longer poem buried in the poet's mind, which, if it were known to the reader, might explain everything. In this longer buried poem all may be digested, but all is not so clearly digested in the smaller fragments which actually appear on paper. This fragmentary poetry is parasitic upon Mr. Eliot's mind, for he has never managed to separate it from himself or to purge it of the processes by which it began to form in his mind. This may well be the explanation of the frailty of the bridges by which he joins one image to another. And yet how beautiful some of these

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images are when they are taken by themselves:—

Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice,
And still she cries (and still the world pursues)
'Jug Jug' to dirty ears.

To adorn his meaning like this is not the aim of the metaphysical poet, nor is it necessarily a symptom of his success in that aim. But here we are at the heart of the subject, and it is to be noticed that Mr. Eliot is not shadowed with any kind of darkness. And in all Mr. Eliot's poetry there are such moments of great beauty and clarity. Mr. Eliot is an incomparable phrase-maker, like Tennyson. But, again like Tennyson, he seeks to be metaphysical in one sense or another of this word, and neither he nor Tennyson succeeds in being metaphysical as Lucretius was, though they may be according to the literal meaning of the word. Of such poetry as Mr. Eliot's and Tennyson's Mallarmé's words are true—it is not made with ideas, but with words.

Since Mr. Read has quoted Chapman, he would seem to be aware of the danger of the wrong kind of obscurity. If he is not obscure because his images are indigested, can it be said that his verse is shadowed (and it is shadowed) because it is at the heart of the subject? This subject is again metaphysics; and Mr. Read is nearer than Mr. Eliot to the metaphysical philosopher and to Lucretius.

Mind wins decidedly,
hibernating through many years.
Impulse alone is immutable sap
and flowing continuance
extending life to leafy men.
Effort of consciousness
carries from origin
the metamorphic clue.

Wordsworth said that, if ever science became a thing more familiar to men

than it was in his time, 'the poet will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science . . . he will be ready at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself.' The poet was to be at hand to make science flesh and blood. The poet must make metaphysics flesh and blood, if he is a poet at all, as much as science. To a certain extent Mr. Read makes his metaphysics flesh and blood by his image of the tree, in the quotation given above, by his comparison of the different forces in man to the more familiar life-processes of a tree. But we are reminded nevertheless of the Plesiosaurus which is not more than half-digested in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' For Mr. Read thinks in prose and translates into metaphor, and translation into metaphor is not the same as fusion into poetry. Both science and metaphysics can be digested into poetry, which is flesh and blood, only by the fusion of the new idea with a familiar image about which emotion can be felt. We demand familiarity in poetry, whether it is the familiarity of Pope's poetical clichés or the different familiarity of Wordsworth's homely subjects. Such a fusion of the new with the familiar is by no means complete in Mr. Read's poetry, because he seems often to be trying to find an image to suit his idea. In this he is very different from Mr. Eliot, for at any rate Mr. Eliot finds his ideas in his image. This, indeed, is why Mr. Eliot's notes are so inadequate, whereas we feel the need of useful scientific notes to Mr. Read's poetry, like the notes to 'In Memoriam.' And so, like Mr. Eliot, but in another way, Mr. Read is an obscure poet and his ideas are not digested into poetry; rather the half-digestion of the idea into metaphor does but make it the more difficult to understand. And again, as with Mr. Eliot, when Mr. Read is at the heart of a subject (un-

fortunately he does not often get to the heart of a metaphysical subject) he is not shadowed. The following lines come from a short poem called 'The Complaint of Héloïse': —

I could show a white face,
a pious dress;
but very flowers in my breast
all fresh.
Pluck them. God pluck them. I
plucked them madly.
But ever burgeoned rose,
lily:
All the emblems
of my distress.
God help me to hide them
now.

If Mr. Read so fused the idea and the image in his longer metaphysical poems as he does in this quotation, there too we should have both clarity and poetry.

To turn from the metaphysicals to the mystics is to turn to a simpler world, though the means by which this world is made may be harder to understand. Æ is a mystical rather than a religious poet. The religious poet who is not at the same time a mystic, except in so far as Vaughan was a mystic, emphasizes the difference between the physical world and the constructions which he builds upon it, just as Mr. Eliot does. The religious poet says,

Out of my stony grief
Bethel I'll raise.

But Æ is opposed to such dualism: —

I heard them in their sadness say,
'The earth rebukes the thought of God;
We are but embers wrapped in clay
A little nobler than the sod.'

But I have touched the lips of clay,
Mother, thy rudest sod to me
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
And haunted by all mystery.

It is curious that with the mystics we should come back to earth. Æ, however, does not discover the immanence of God in the untransformed beauty of

nature as Wordsworth may be said to have done, but rather his vision enables him to see nature transmuted and transformed, its colors brighter than they would seem in moments when we are not particularly exalted. In other words, Æ does not deduce the immanence of God in everything, but he sees it, and he is not argumentative. His mood is almost exactly like Traherne's in childhood: —

The corn was orient and immortal wheat,
which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me.

And so, because of this heightened beauty of nature which to Æ is the subject of poetry, his imagery is heightened and not descriptive: —

He said: 'The royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light:
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.'

The problem of the mystical poet like Æ is precisely the opposite of the problem of the metaphysical poet. Æ starts with something familiar about which emotion can be felt. But the emotion which he wishes the reader to feel about this is not the ordinary emotion which the beauty of a tree, for example, inevitably in the right circumstances arouses. Lucretius's phrase, '*flammanitia mania mundi*,' is the perfect example of the metaphysical idea made into flesh and blood — sensation is carried into the midst of the idea. Æ wishes the same emotion which Lucretius's phrase arouses to be aroused by his description of 'the rudest sod.' And, in order that this may come about, it is necessary to fuse the familiar thing with a new or strange idea. Æ starts

with the familiar and makes it strange, while the metaphysical poet starts with the new or strange and makes it familiar. And the simple method by which this is to be done is to use epithets to describe the ordinary and material which are commonly used to describe the costly or the spiritual. Thus a boat is crystal, a city is opal, a bruised wild orchid is a crushed jewel, love is a seraph wind. But it is of course important, both in order to express Æ's idea fully and in order that his poetry may remain flesh and blood, that the boat should not be lost in the crystal, or the bruised orchid in the crushed jewel. And that is the danger of these general epithets which are not descriptive or in any way precise. They are like the images in the Song of Solomon, in which one excellence is described by comparing it with another. But in the Song of Solomon the excellence to which the original excellence is compared is in itself very much flesh and blood, whereas gold or opal or seraph winds are exceedingly vague as they are used by Æ. It is usual to call such images poetical, but we should rather say that they are no longer poetical, that they are no longer flesh and blood. But they do, at any rate, carry with them a weight of poetical association which is so vast that we entirely forget the boat or the city because of the overpowering influence of the epithets which describe them.

(A common and in some ways satisfactory way of fusing the new or strange with the familiar is the use of parable or allegory. In a great many of his poems Mr. James Stephens uses this method. Indeed, he seems so intent upon making poetry flesh and blood that he uses Blake's method of putting his sentiments into the mouths of children or of using children in his allegories, and Wordsworth's method of writing about peasants, as well as the

more primitive method of the allegory or parable. Children and peasants are commonly supposed to be more natural — that is, nearer to life — than other people) and the difficulties into which this belief leads us in the conduct of life — owing to the fact that children are not natural, or not more natural than Voltaire or the business man, and that there is no such thing as the natural man — do not appear in poetry. When reading poetry we can easily become Tolstoians or share Wordsworth's beliefs for the moment. In fact, these beliefs are so commonly accepted by the unreasoning part of the mind that the poet can easily persuade us that the peasant is somehow more really made of flesh and blood than Voltaire. And, once we are persuaded of this, then we accept the inference that poetry about peasants is flesh and blood. It may be a trick, but then all poetry is a trick.

But a very curious thing has happened to the peasant in poetry, and especially in Irish poetry. From being commonplace and homely, from being nearer to real life, he has become a creature utterly removed from real life, as far removed as the muses addressed by eighteenth-century poets. Mr. James Stephens, by the use of the simple language of everyday speech, sometimes avoids making his peasants unreal poetic fictions; and when he puts some idea sufficiently strange into the mouths of peasants speaking their everyday speech, the fusion between the new and the familiar is complete and he writes poetry. But at times his peasants are simply the Muses or some other personification.

A man said to me at the fair:
If you have got a poet's tongue,
Tumble up and chant the air
That the Stars of Morning sung.

Here we see the peasant begin as a

peasant and quite suddenly turn into a poetic abstraction. He turns into a peasant again at the end of the poem, it should be said, where he refuses to pay the poet enough and spends the money which he might have given to him on three pints of stout.

Mr. Wilfrid Gibson is, in a way, the simplest of these five poets. The greater part of his edition of collected poems is made up of short dramatic pieces, written as if they were plays, though they are almost certainly not meant for acting, and of poems of incident which are equally dramatic. Mr. Gibson writes of homely subjects, and the problem in his poetry is not how to reduce the strange and unfamiliar to flesh and blood, but how to raise matters of everyday life to poetry. He allows himself none of the aids of poetic diction or of imagery, but he seeks to make his matter into poetry by making it dramatic. Like most dramatists, he is interested in moral problems, and he ignores that part of the study of ethics which borders upon metaphysics. But he does not aim at any solution of the moral problems to be found in his poetry: he is content to state the problem in the most forcible and dramatic way possible. And in some of his dramatic poems we have the impression that the reader is meant to be startled, that Mr. Gibson wants him to think for himself, just as the writer of a problem play wishes to provoke discussion. Now it is unlikely that *King Lear* was written to provoke discussion, nor do we wish to discuss the relations of parents and children after seeing the play. When the play is over we are not meant to ask, 'What should Lear have done?' But the writer of a problem play must, at all costs, provoke discussion, and he must startle his audience into thought. He cannot, in any circumstances, allow acquiescence in the inevitability of what we have seen on

the stage. And so he makes his dramatic situations a little too crudely dramatic, and his characters become like the characters in morality plays, mere personifications of a vice or of a virtue. Mr. Gibson is sufficiently interested in character not to commit the last fault, except at the moment of a dramatic crisis; but certainly his situations are too dramatic, they do not occur inevitably, and, though many of his characters are drawn with great feeling and real sympathy, the reader's emotions are harassed and not purged. At times Mr. Gibson seems to wish to arouse our sympathy for the sufferings of his characters only that we may hate the more the circumstances which have made them suffer.

And so it often happens that the forcibly dramatic situation does not make his account of the doings of ordinary people, such as artisans, into poetry. The situation, which corresponds to the strange and new idea of the mystic or of the metaphysical poet, is too striking, and it overburdens the familiar; for inevitably when a too dramatic situation is at its height there is no room for common humanity, and characters become like symbols or like chessmen. No one attends to the beauty of his chessmen when he is intent upon a chess problem. But when it is not obscured by too much drama Mr. Gibson's sympathy for his characters does make poetry of their everyday life, in the same way as Wordsworth made poetry out of his sympathy for the sailor's mother. And yet at the most dramatic moment the characters should not evaporate into symbols, but should then, on the contrary, be most definitely flesh and blood. When this does not happen, it is because the fusion of the new and the familiar is not complete. In his lyric poems Mr. Gibson does achieve this fusion at times, but too often in these too there is a situa-

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tion as obviously dramatic as the end of a story by O. Henry. Mr. Gibson is safe from this in poems which are only about inanimate nature and not about human beings; but in these we cannot have his great sympathy for unhappy human beings, which is by far the best part both of his longer poems and of his lyrics. But where descriptions of nature are modified to suit a mood, where a natural object is a symbol of some

human emotion, then in Mr. Gibson's poetry we have enough drama but not too much. And we have the familiar heightened by emotion which is not strange or new, except by reason of its intensity and because, though that particular moment of emotion described is like enough to other moments not to be too surprising, it yet has its own specific qualities and is, in its essentials, unique.

A PORTUGUESE DIARY¹

BY RODA RODA

EVERYWHERE in Lisbon, buildings can still be seen that bear the marks of the earthquake and fire of 1755, for they have never been repaired. Portugal is the land of unfulfilled intentions. As for Lisbon itself, it is so clean that modern Berlin might well take it as a pattern. Even so, people keep saying to me that I should have been here before the war and then I should have known what real spotlessness was: at that time the sea air was fresh and free from coal dust. The poorest Portuguese wear snow-white linen, and those in good standing make a regular cult of cleanliness. The floors of the houses are scrubbed every day, and the tile walls flash in the sun.

Lisbon is free from baby carriages, dogs, bicyclists, and traffic towers. It is also free from sleep. When the street cars stop, the night clubs close and newsboys are silent; but that is not till four o'clock in the morning, the hour when ox carts from the country arrive

with their loads of vegetables and the police arrest obstreperous tramps and bear them to the police station in the outskirts of the town.

Every day the *leilão*, or auction, is held. Here thousands of different objects are offered for sale, and a red flag announces to the crowd that the auction is going on and is staying open until eight or nine o'clock in the evening. When the sale is closed the remaining goods are unloaded in dozens of secret places, at a great reduction in price.

You seldom see card games being played, and chess never. How could a nation that is so poor at figures be expected to play chess? The waiters in the cafés are totally incompetent, and even the bank clerk has to take a piece of paper to figure out what eighty multiplied by two makes.

I drink a Lisbon *vaccaria*. This involves having a beautifully cared for cow milked before my eyes, and each of the twenty mornings I spent in Lisbon I took this kind of drink, along with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. My

¹ From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), March

bill was always different, varying between one escudo, seventy, and three escudos, twenty-five. Only the few waiters that are Spanish are able to add up a large bill correctly.

The Portuguese have special ideas about other nations. A Frenchman is a boaster, and a German is always taken for a libertine. This view of our people is due to the fact that Portugal's chief contact with Germany is through the port of Hamburg. A German lady tourist like myself, who is more free from prejudices than the Portuguese, but who visits the cafés and theatres of Lisbon, judges the nation rather harshly.

Their idea of Paris fashions is chemises with bright-colored animals depicted on them.

I saw a ball given by servants in one of the public parks, and was surprised at how very proper and correct everything was. The girls sat on benches, and the men stood about and invited them politely to dance. At one o'clock in the morning the party came to an end, and on the next day the police forbade its being held again, because of immorality.

Revus in the theatres are orgies of cotton and artificial silk. The chorus girls could properly participate in Catholic festivals. Only the Monarchist members of the nobility speak scornfully of the senseless morality of the theatre. No married lady dances.

Negro music has been taken up in Portugal too, but there are no jazz bands at all; it is all the sentimental *fado* from Mozambique. This music is like the tunes of Naples, and it is sung to the accompaniment of guitars and violas. What people call a viola here is our guitar, and their guitar is a kind of banjo-mandolin with double strings, tuned in a special way by fifths and octaves.

Here is a typical subject for a popular

song. A working girl is expelled by the foreman in her factory. She meets another girl on the street, who advises her to return to the director and to ask for her job back, or at least for some cash recompense to tide her over until she gets a new position. When he refuses both requests the working girl stabs him and then kills herself. In the closing measures students clothed in cloaks and playing guitars accompany her to her grave.

Heine and Sudermann are considered the two greatest German writers. The Portuguese like Heine on account of his *Weltschmerz*; and Sudermann is referred to as a real Latin disguised as a German poet. Two of his plays, *Heimat* and *Johannisfeuer*, are part of the regular local repertory.

With what confidence the smallest children rush through crowds of people looking for foreigners and begging for a penny from them. Yesterday a poor old man whom a breath of wind would have blown over came to me begging for alms. I handed him the usual amount, ten centavos, — two pennies, — and the man marched away erect as a drill master.

Everything in Portugal is taxed — the street-car tickets and the soda-water bottles. Everything is forbidden here, even pocket lighters, so that one cannot avoid an exorbitant fee for matches. And pocketknives with blades more than three fingerbreadths long are against the law.

The Jews form an interesting chapter in Portuguese history. They came in great numbers to the Iberian peninsula long before they reached any other country, — with the Romans, in fact, — and they were the only industrious folk in the land. But during the Gothic invasion they were oppressed and massacred. In the Middle Ages the Portuguese Jews sent to the Pope a special ambassador, who appeased the cardi-

nals in the Curia with large tributes of money, and in the same way purchased the friendship of all the royal ambassadors in the Vatican. The Inquisition wrested from the Jews their *attestados de pureza de sangue* — their claims to pure blood. At the time of the discovery of America all the Jews were evicted, and the land that they had developed was taken away from them. But there are still in Braganza, in North Portugal, a number of *Christãos novos* who continue to live under the old-fashioned laws. They came to that part of the country long ago, and there is no prejudice against them.

The palm trees on the Avenida de Liberdade in Lisbon still bear the marks of the grenade fire to which they were subjected during the Revolution of 1910, and one of the lanterns hanging over the Archaeological Museum still has five bullet holes in it. So many bombs have been thrown in Lisbon that people jump every time a tire blows out. I have never lived in such a nervous city.

The sumptuous Palace stands out in violent contrast to the modest taste of the Portuguese nobility. To this very day there is no lady of good family who makes up her face or dyes her hair. Only actresses wear their hair bobbed. But the ordinary people lead a hard life, and children must go to work at the age of twelve.

All Southern and Oriental nations eat sparingly, and none more so than the Portuguese. Their daily ration is a pound and a half of bread and a litre of wine, and only the manual laborers regale themselves with sardines during their noonday rest.

The Portuguese Royal Family led a gay life, and reports of their quarrels and love affairs quickly made the rounds of this little country. The Queen's bill for toilet articles was common talk in

every kitchen in Portugal, and the monarchy was destroyed by gossiping Portuguese women.

Opposite the Ajuda, as the half-finished, half-collapsed royal palace is called, stands a pompous villa. This was built by a cocoa merchant who had made millions in the colonies and who invited King Manuel to live in this dwelling. The King agreed, and the millionaire was delighted. But when King Manuel was expelled and fled to London the millionaire closed his villa, and has not entered it since.

In the Belem church lies the body of Dr. Sidonio Pães. He was Ambassador to Berlin from 1912 to 1916. In December 1917 he led the revolutionary movement in Lisbon, and was elected President of the Republic by popular vote, but in December 1918, after having held office for six months, he was assassinated. His monument was buried under a mountain of flowers, garlands, and wreaths from all over the world, and more than two thousand floral tributes were laid against the walls of the church.

We are quite ignorant at home of the Youth Movement in Portugal, of the *Formigues Brancas*, or White Ants—a secret body of Fascisti who at one time terrorized the city under the leadership of Affonso Costa. The murder of President Pães was their final and most gruesome deed. Soon after it the White Ants were exterminated.

In April 1923 two military aviators, Cabral and Coutinho, flew to Brazil by way of the Azores, and during the same spring Sarmiento Beiros and Brito Pães, both officers in the aviation corps, flew all the way to Macao, near Hongkong. Portugal is everlastingly proud of these accomplishments. The aviators have been hailed as national heroes, and their pictures are shown on movie screens and their photographs appear on post cards and theatre curtains.

People buy statuettes of them, and children know the history of these flights by heart. For fear of diminishing the fame of their own heroes, the Portuguese newspapers did not print a word about the flight of the Zeppelin to America.

England occupies the most space in the Lisbon press, and Brazil and Spain follow.

Portugal has its East Prussia, in the form of the southern province of Algarve. Although no Polish Corridor, but merely a mountain chain, divides it from the rest of the country, there is no sea connection, and Algarve is kept in touch with the capital only by a single railway line. In Lisbon I announced my intention of visiting Algarve, and everyone exclaimed: 'Don't miss it. The vegetation there is wonderful — really tropical. The inhabitants are an interesting mixture of Moors and Negroes. But be sure to take insect powder — their accommodations are rather primitive.'

'Fine,' I replied. 'Can you recommend any hotels to me?'

'Your Excellency must understand,' everyone replied, 'that I have never been in Algarve myself.'

I did not meet a single Portuguese who had ever been in Algarve, though I suppose there are plenty of Germans who do not know the Eifel and the Masuria.

In the province of Alemtejo the same agreements between landowners and workmen exist that were in force during the time of the Roman Empire. The peasants have lifelong contracts with the landlords, which bind both parties, and which give the worker a certain share of the product of the soil. One humane landlord wanted to improve the condition under which his workmen lived, but the workers revolted against such novelty.

During the fig harvest cloths are

spread under the fig trees and people simply wait until the figs fall of their own accord. Then the cloth is removed with the figs in it.

For hundreds of years this nation has fought with the Moors, and even to-day the people do not till their fields with care, for fear that the enemy will attack them and destroy their crops. Both history and nature have conspired to prevent people here from working.

My train ran on time, and the linen in the compartments was hand-embroidered. If you are traveling to Batalha, you must leave the train at Leiria and take the diligence to the city. It is only four or five kilometres, but my teeth were knocked loose during the journey.

The hotel was characteristic in every respect: it was clean, and the beds were hard as stone. For supper we had soup, fish, and a turkey hen that during its life must have been a champion distance runner. Dessert consisted of a fresh orange.

We wandered about the main square in the moonlight and felt we were in one of Calderon's plays. A ruined castle stood out against the deep blue sky. The houses around us had offices in their bay windows. On the balconies sat comical old people and their glowing-eyed daughters, while below on the mosaic pavement languished the young ladies' swains. Stores stayed open until ten o'clock — even the jewelers'. Girls walked to the well carrying enormous empty pitchers on their heads. When one of these pitchers was filled, someone would help the girl to poise it on her head, and then she would go dancing and coquetting her way home, carrying a burden that would have broken in two any donkey's back.

It is incredible what a Portuguese woman can carry on her head. An old woman in my hotel carried all my luggage to the third story, and my steamer

trunk alone must have weighed more than a hundredweight.

Next morning early the bells were ringing as the peasants went to harvest. I looked out of my window at the beautiful Liz Gardens. High green stalks of rye stood ripe for the second harvest of the year. The pine trees waved softly in the wind, and you could see where their roots had been cut for resin. The forests here are sparse, as in all parts of Iberia. No wonder the rivers go where they please, sometimes overflowing their banks and at other times being reduced to a poor little rill.

Batalha is in the lowlands, and boasts a magnificent church commemorating the battle of Aljubarrota in 1385, when the Portuguese beat the Castilians on account of their cannon. Yes, indeed, cannon, for they had already been used forty years earlier at Crécy, and the English had brought these cannon over here. To celebrate this victory, João the First laid the foundation stone of this solitary church near the battlefield. Construction went on for one hundred and seventy years, but the edifice was never finished. What was completed is representative of the finest, most full-blown Gothic style.

In the main body of the church is the grave of the Unknown Soldier, on which is written: 'Portugal, eternal power on the ocean and on all the continents and among all peoples, to its Unknown Soldier, who died in the Great War, 1914 to 1918, in defense of the Fatherland.' Another inscription reads: 'In grievous war they fell most gloriously for the freedom of their country.'

Now, as everyone knows, Germany declared war on Portugal at the end of February 1916 because Portugal had helped the English time and again and had outraged German property rights, and particularly German ships. Portugal never fought in the World War for the freedom of which these monuments

speak; she entered in the most guilty fashion.

The Republic put at England's disposal two divisions of some sixty thousand men, which were placed opposite von Kemel's troops. After many months' delay, the English brought their Portuguese comrades into line one morning at ten o'clock. By noon twelve thousand Portuguese were killed. Two or three times more the Portuguese were used in little manœuvres, but the participation of Portugal in the World War was almost entirely confined to two terrible hours. After this the English, as well as the German General Staff, revised some of their harsh judgments on the fighting ability of the Portuguese. After the war the Portuguese addressed Hindenburg, who improved on the praise that his General Staff had accorded to Portuguese valor. This flattering opinion of Hindenburg's was highly popular with the Portuguese, and was hailed with delight by all the newspapers.

The Portuguese soldiers looked like the French. They were little men clad in horizon-blue uniforms, but on their heads they wore spiked helmets.

The Portuguese are the only Latin nation that is kind to animals. For hundreds of years noble Arabian steeds were raised here, and the Portuguese rider sits well in the saddle by second nature. The donkeys here are smaller than in other Latin countries, and the largest beast of burden is the ox. In Portugal this creature is a strong, red, well-cared-for animal, with wide-spreading horns. The streets are full of yokes of oxen pulling carts with solid wheels bound fast to their axles. Since the axle is ungreased, a frightful squeaking announces the approach of these wagons, which can be heard a mile away. Oxen are particularly common in Northern Portugal, where the yokes themselves are made of beautifully

carved hard wood decorated with many colors. The wheels of these wagons, bearing tremendous burdens, clatter on the streets of Oporto. I have never seen a driver maltreat his animals. In the country the cowherds guide their flocks with enormous bamboo staffs.

The fishing vessels in Portugal could be made the subject of a learned volume. On the Tejo they are marvelously painted with eyes at the bow. On the Mondego they are like Chinese junks and Venetian gondolas, and on the Douro there are swarms of many different kinds of ships. These boats sail down the rivers from the mountainous country laden with wine, and rigged with lateen sails that are often four or five times the size of the boat. What skill is needed to manœuvre these giant sails!

Two high bridges span the Douro, and from them an interesting view of the steeply divided town can be enjoyed. The Church of St. Francis looks like a piece of quartz surrounded by decaying rock. Then there is the bank, with its granite columns. And all the while the waters of the Douro glitter green and yellow, while innumerable boats carrying port wine from Upper Portugal sail by.

I visited a gigantic wine cellar where it seemed that enough drink to intoxicate the entire world had been stored. It boasted twenty-four enormous cisterns two stories high, filled with the most costly wine, and vast tubs of mahogany

holding seventy-five thousand litres each. The champagne cellar is in the form of a tunnel five hundred yards long, packed with bottles. Workers shake each of these bottles daily in a special way for four years before the champagne is sold. The entire enterprise is still called the Royal Wine Company, in spite of the objections raised by the Republic. One of the cellars contains port dating to 1756, and the bottles, thickly covered with dust, look like little hairy apes sitting in pigeonholes. Old women clean and cork these bottles with amazing speed. Everything that is done in America with electricity is accomplished in Portugal by old women.

To-day a ceremonial commemorating the dead is being held in Oporto. Black-clothed widows and mothers kneel in the cemetery, where they have built little altars, each fitted out with candles and linen and pictures of the dead. The coffins, covered with fresh chrysanthemums, are exposed. In the old days the Archbishop of Braga officiated, together with the Archbishop of Toledo, who was entitled a 'Patriarch of Spain,' but who has since been expelled by the Portuguese Government.

Braga is a city of skylights. Everyone seems to live in an atelier. It is also the city of *poveres*, *padres*, *putas*, — beggars, priests, and prostitutes, — the most gallant people in all Portugal.

Here, too, is the magnificent church and cloister known as Bom Jesus.

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PORTUGAL IN AFRICA¹

BY COLIN ROSS

THE Portuguese were the first to arrive here. Their colonies at Mozambique and Angola are the oldest established by any European Power, not only in Africa, but anywhere in the world. Since the days of Vasco da Gama's first journey to India the Portuguese have occupied the East Coast of Africa, and since 1575 the West Coast. These centuries-old occupations in no way justify the development and maintenance of the colonies at the present time, and it is only natural that Portugal should lose some of her colonies, especially during the last century, when all the rest of the world was expanding. It was hardly appropriate that Portugal should rule over many peoples and lands on the basis of a power she once enjoyed, and that colonial possessions should be developed and strengthened by a motherland whose size was out of all proportion to theirs.

The distribution of the Portuguese colonies, which was widely discussed by the English and the Germans before the outbreak of the war, has again become a topic of intense interest. Angola especially is being spoken of on all sides as a possible future German colony. This kind of propaganda is neither intelligent nor useful. We must be on our guard not to lay ourselves open to the opposition of foreigners, at whose hands we may suffer all kinds of trouble. Both the English and the Italians have launched dif-

ferent rumors which have disturbed the Portuguese both in Lisbon and in the colonies themselves. The Portuguese are extraordinarily proud of their past—so proud, in fact, that they entirely overlook the fact that it is only a past and nothing more. In recent years they have become more determined than ever not to give up at any price what remains of their power and might. Nations who are desirous of dividing these provinces are so numerous and their rivalry is so keen that they are likely to assure Portugal the present régime for a long time to come, just as the Sick Man of the Bosphorus still holds Constantinople.

Since the Portuguese were the first arrivals in Africa, they naturally did not take possession of the poor parts of the country—though on the southwest coast, to be sure, they simply set up a marble cross and sailed away.

Whoever comes from British South Africa into the Portuguese colony is immediately impressed by the amount of water here. How many brooks and rivers there are! The Portuguese took care above all else to secure the best harbors, and this has complicated the situation. In theory the Portuguese have always claimed the land between their western and their eastern holdings in Africa, and they have also endeavored to clinch this claim in a concrete fashion. In 1795 an expedition set out from Mozambique to Angola, but the leader died en route, and his followers returned with nothing accomplished. Later the English prevented the Por-

¹ From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), December 19

tuguese from occupying Nyasaland, when Rhodes made his famous journey to Salisbury, as Rhodesia was then called, and secured its possession for England. But since the Portuguese remain on the coast, Rhodesians and all other inhabitants of the north part of the South African Union are cut off from their natural access to the sea. It is particularly galling to the Union that Johannesburg, its most important trading centre, and Witwatersrand, with its mines, must depend on a harbor owned by a foreign Power. This harbor is Delagoa Bay, which is much more convenient to Johannesburg than the South African port of Durban. Delagoa Bay was first spoken for definitely by Portugal in 1872, although it was the oldest of the Portuguese African ports that were used as stopping places on the way to India. Delagoa means 'from Goa,' in contrast to the southern port known as Agoa, meaning 'toward Goa' — in other words, the last harbor on the way to India. This award by MacMahon was unfavorable to England, which only had a first refusal on the port. At that time nobody had thought of Johannesburg and the gold mines of the Rand, and the country behind Delagoa Bay was slowly being built up into a poor kind of Transvaal, without imports and exports. At another time England would hardly have let this port slip through her fingers.

Beira bears the same relation to Rhodesia and Nyasaland that Delagoa Bay does to the South African Union. Both are Portuguese harbors convenient for import and export trade, and their warehouses and docks have grown up in proportion to the increased business in the near-by provinces. If it should come to Portugal's giving up Mozambique with Delagoa Bay and Beira, the South African Union, as well as Rhodesia and Nyasaland, or rather

England, would never tolerate another country coming into this inheritance.

The situation in Angola is similar. Here the South African Union and England have vital theoretic interests at stake along the southern coast, which can be made of even greater importance to Bechuanaland and the Southwest. The most important point here is Lobito Bay, and the railroad that is being built from this port to Katanga. Lobito Bay plays the same rôle with the Belgian Congo and the French possessions that Delagoa Bay does for the South African Union and for England. Lobito Bay is the natural harbor for Katanga and Elizabethville in the Southern Congo, which have the same prospects of development that Johannesburg and the Rand enjoyed in their day, only here it is not gold, but copper, that is mined. Next to the Rand, Katanga is the most active mining district in Africa, and it is by no means sure that it will not occupy an even more important position. The movement of goods to and from this mining district is thus one of the most important questions in African business traffic.

The journey from Matadi to Boma, the only harbor in the Belgian Congo, need not be discussed here, because it is subject to so many hazards that it is almost useless. It is an impossible and costly trip, since shipping on the Congo is broken up half a dozen times by waterfalls and rapids, and in each case the cargo must be carried to the next ship. Traffic to and from Katanga now passes through Cape Town, Beira, or Daressalam, none of which is its natural harbor. For instance, the journey from Cape Town to Antwerp is about thirteen thousand kilometres, and from Beira fourteen thousand, three hundred, whereas from Lobito Bay it is only nine thousand, one hundred and fifty. True, the journey

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from Daressalam is no longer than from Lobito Bay, but it is the costliest of all, because it requires several shiftings of cargo. Furthermore, this route passes through the Suez Canal, where the tolls increase the cost of transportation. In fact, the high Canal charges handicap the entire East Coast trade, and give the West Coast a tremendous advantage. It is even cheaper to ship from Beira the long way around the Cape than to take the shorter journey by way of Suez. When the railway to Katanga is built, all this traveling in circles will be at an end, not only for the places near Lobito Bay, but for those lying closer to the East Coast, which will turn to it as their natural harbor.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that the Lobito-Katanga railway should play an important rôle in South African politics. This railway will become doubly significant when the projected lines from Walvis Bay to Rhodesia are completed. These do not pass through a desert, but across the Vihé plateau, one of the best and most fruitful agricultural districts in South Africa, which, on account of its high altitude, is suitable for white colonization. That white men can live in the highlands of Angola is proved by the settlements of Humpata, which lies six thousand feet above the sea in the Hualla district.

The possibility of Germany's acquiring Angola is as slight as its desirability is great, even were Portugal ready to cede the colony. Before the war Belgium had followed the activities of the German colony with mistrust and tried to put through the Lobito railway. Even to-day people in Belgium and in the Congo are speaking of the 'German danger,' although God knows it is founded on the weakest kind of ground. The close alliance between Belgium and France has much less basis in

European politics than in Belgium's fear of losing any of its rich possessions. It is natural, of course, that little Belgium should worry about her valuable colony. Belgium is also vitally interested that Angola, which separates the Congo from the ocean, should not fall into the hands of a Power that might threaten her in the Congo. People down there talk a great deal about Germany, but what they really are afraid of is the South African Union and England, which are much more likely and more able to take over Angola than weakened Germany is, for the time being at any rate.

Another alarming threat to the Portuguese colonies is Italy. The Fascisti have often announced that their political aspirations extend to all parts of the world, and they would be more than delighted if they could acquire Angola and Mozambique. This is why all discussions of possible awards of Portuguese colonies are of no avail, and only stir up fresh distrust and enmity against us.

Before we arrived in the Portuguese colony we heard a great deal about the mismanagement and corruption there, and of the housing shortage and high prices. We were therefore surprised when we landed in Lourenço Marques, the port of Delagoa Bay, and set foot on Portuguese West Africa for the first time. The harbor facilities there are splendid; docking, warehousing, and communications are adequate. The town that stood behind all this did not make at all a bad impression. True enough, the streets by the water front are too rough; but it is the same in all similar towns in that part of the world, and as you go farther into the town you find broad avenues with good shops, in which prices are apparently higher than in the Union, on account of the fall of the exchange. The town also boasts a plaza with fine trees and

flower beds, as well as zoölogical and botanical gardens, and a handsome residential quarter. Sanitation is not so bad as we had been told. There is a well-equipped hospital, and a distinguished doctor who studied in Germany, and who, at critical moments, will secretly confess his friendship for that country. This pleasant impression was strengthened when I went farther into the country. On my automobile trip to the border of the Transvaal I found excellent streets, prosperous farms, and newly built houses, which reminded me of California. The chief impression that this country and its climate — which, by the way, is due to heavy rainfall — made on me was that business was better here than in most parts of the South African Union.

When you are so favorably impressed with a place, you remember the time when you had quite an unpleasant prejudice against it. Lourenco Marques has been unfavorably compared with Durban, and people imagine how the town would look if it belonged to the Union. It was prophesied that Lourenco Marques would not only become a second Durban, but would soon be much better. The Portuguese city has many more possibilities. One of these is the port which Delagoa Bay includes. It is naturally far superior to that of Durban, which is now being dredged out at great cost; and, what is much more important, the distance from Johannesburg and the Rand to Delagoa Bay is much shorter than to Durban.

Not only in the harbor of Lourenco Marques, but also along the bathing beach, the contrast between Portuguese and English South Africa becomes noticeable. Lourenco Marques has a much better shore than Polana Beach in Durban, which roughly corresponds to it. The bathing in Durban cannot be compared to any along the West Coast, and Polana Beach was quite empty

only a short time ago. It was developed because people had seen Lourenco Marques and felt that Durban ought to start something similar. A hotel was therefore built at Polana Beach on a high cliff, where everything that was offered in the hostleries of Durban itself was provided. The Polana Hotel is an enormous building, elegant and comfortable, with prices to suit; but it stands alone, and its few guests cannot but feel isolated. When I arrived in the Polana Hotel my first thought was: 'Good Lord, what an enormous annual deficit this hotel must suffer. It must be as much as my entire income.' Later I discovered that the Government guaranteed it a thousand pounds a year.

Not only is Delagoa Bay economically part of the Union, but so is all Mozambique, or at any rate the southern part of it. Grotesque as this may appear, it is a fact that, in spite of the presence of six million black people, the Union cannot run its mines without the help of thousands of natives who come every year out of Portuguese territory to the mines of Witwatersrand. The reason for this is that all the work that in other parts of the world is done by women, such as housework, cooking, and care of children, is performed in Africa by men. Most of the Negro population of the South African Union is unwilling to work in the mines. Therefore the mines find themselves in a precarious situation whenever Mozambique forbids its natives to migrate to the Transvaal. In Mozambique this departure of black labor is looked upon with mixed feelings, for it is needed to work the farms. But the Government does such a good business sending workers to the mines that it does not like to call a halt on it.

The free passage of mine workers is one of the clauses in the Mozambique treaty, which also governs the traffic

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with Delagoa Bay. According to this treaty, the Portuguese colony gets thirteen shillings a year for each worker who is sent across the border, and if the Governor has been having a bad year he can help himself privately to a small part of this. Up to the present time the two nations have handled the whole question of traffic to Delagoa Bay, as well as the release of workers, in such a way that constant friction results. England and Portugal have not yet agreed to any policy which would allow South Africa to annex Delagoa Bay, but the English have decided to open up a rival harbor in Kiso Bay, just on the southern border of Mozambique,

and this is no farther from Johannesburg than Delagoa Bay or Lourenco Marques. The old Mozambique treaty has been published, and no one can agree as to how it should be interpreted. In the meanwhile, provisional clauses have been put through.

England has an option on Delagoa Bay. Since this harbor lies at the southern tip of Mozambique, supports no hinterland of its own, and exists only as a transit port for the benefit of South Africa, Portugal could consent to selling it without suffering any loss, especially during the present financial crisis, when the purchase money could be put to advantageous use.

THE MAKER OF MODERN SERBIA¹

BY DOCTOR K. BOEGHOLM

NIKOLA PAŠIČ is dead, and the Serbian peasants have followed him to his last resting place.

In every mountain village of Serbia, places reached only on horseback or by carriage, along roads deep in mud or suffocating in dust, one statesman only is known — Pašič.

One beautiful March day, when Dalmatia, radiant as a flower-decked bride, revealed its early spring charm to my eyes, I sailed with Pašič from Cavtat, called Ragusa Vecchia by the Italians, where his son-in-law has a little villa. Our destination was Kotor, otherwise known as Cattaro. As our vessel advanced into the magnificent fjord at the foot of Montenegro's holy

mountain, Lovćen, where rests the king of poets in his eternal sleep, deputations from neighboring and distant villages came aboard. From far-off Montenegro came these Balkan chiefs, wearing their picturesque national costumes. One after another they kneeled before Pašič and kissed his feet, in spite of his protests. He then returned their affectionate greetings with a fraternal kiss on both cheeks.

Pašič was a very small man, and at first he reminded one somewhat of a modest tailor in a Jutland village. His long white beard looked far better in his pictures than in real life, and his partly toothless mouth gave him a moping look. His small eyes seldom rested long on one person.

'A breeder of pigs, like the rest of

¹ From *Tilskueren* (Copenhagen political and literary monthly), February

them,' said my English traveling companion.

On board our vessel I liked Pašić best standing at the rail and gazing across the sea. In his eyes was a distant expression, something like drifting clouds, though at times they seemed to take on gleams of bluish sunshine, like the surface of the Adriatic. At such moments I could not help thinking of what an exiled Russian author once said to me: 'You should have been with me and seen Pašić when the last remnant of the Serbian army, after its death march through the Albanian mountains, finally reached the open sea and sailed for an unknown destination. There he stood with bowed head, gazing back toward his distant home behind the black mountains, where usurping strangers now held sway. I could imagine how that great man looked into the future and foresaw a victorious king entering his liberated land. Pašić always supported the dynasty, and never despaired, never admitted defeat.'

No modern statesman in that part of Europe has so many achievements to his credit. Modern Serbia grew up with him. Nobody knew his exact age, but at least it is known that in 1878 Nikola Pašić, the municipal engineer, was elected to Parliament when he returned, full of 'new ideas,' from Liège and Zurich.

Pašić soon became one of the leading spirits of the Radical Party, which Svetosar Marković had founded in the eighties, and which quickly adopted the socialistic doctrines of the period. Serbia in those days suffered great social unrest as a result of the breaking up of the old economic family organization, the *Zadruga*, which had to give way to something more individualistic.

As the national independence of Serbia asserted itself, the desire for individual independence made itself felt with increasing force. A new economic

system, demanding more intensive cultivation, resulted from the distribution of land, and led to the formation of a Serbian landed proletariat. Under these conditions liberalism and social-revolutionary ideas spread rapidly, both among the country people and the few city workers.

During the ensuing transitory period an effective agricultural law greatly aided the operation of more modern farming methods. Coöperative associations along the lines of the Reiffeisen system supplanted the *Zadruga*. The Radical Party quickly adapted itself to the exigencies of the moment and became opportunistic, and around Pašić the so-called 'Old Radicals' formed themselves into a group that included most of those men who later, during the Karageorgiević dynasty, came to occupy the leading offices of the nation.

It was during his student days in Zurich that Pašić established close relations with the famous anarchist, Bakunin. The story is told that, during one of their numerous and lengthy discussions about ideal social conditions, Pašić defined his ideas, as differing from the Russian's, in the following words: 'You desire to begin building your future social structure with a beautiful roof, floating free in the air. I, for my part, and as a result of my training as an engineer, prefer to start with solid foundations.'

As a fundamental necessity to a sound national existence, Pašić stood for a constitution vested in the people. At that time this political conception was little short of revolutionary, and when in 1884 the peasants rebelled against the despotic rule of Milan it was considered advisable to dismiss Pašić permanently from the political scene. Only a hasty flight to Bulgaria, his mother's alleged birthplace, saved him from the gallows. His life was saved by Russo-Austrian intervention.

In 1888 Pašić was Premier. But it was not until the fall of the Obrenović dynasty that he began to stamp his unique personality on Serbian politics. Serbian parliamentarism is the creation of the Radical Party, and its leader was Pašić.

No real economic or social interests underlie the Serbian 'Peasant Party.' It is the creation of intellectuals like Jovan Jovanović, a former Minister to Vienna and London, and the former Minister of Communication, Avramović — men to whom political life was a business, since it gave them standing in the nation. This Party had for its motto, 'We are different from all others.'

The Radical Party is the real peasant body of Serbia, a nation where eighty per cent of the population are peasants. In the villages the lawyers, physicians, and merchants, to whom political peace and social order are of prime importance, are also members of this Party. In the larger cities, however, like Belgrade, the importance of this Party is much less, and its press exerts but a slight influence in these centres. If you want to attend Radical meetings in Belgrade you will have to go to the gypsy suburb, or to the Spanish Jew quarter. In the old-time Serbia these were the true Nationalists, and all were supporters of the Radical Party.

Pašić's Radical Party made Serbia a constitutional conservative peasant State and the leading nation in that part of Europe. What rôle Pašić played in the formation of the Balkan League is not yet clear. In certain circles in Belgrade the supposedly initiated claim that both Venizelos and Pašić were the leading geniuses. Western Europe, however, is less willing to accept this version, and it claims that the Russian Minister to Serbia, Hartwig, was the real originator of the League. This argument is supported by the claim that the very day before the Serbian

mobilization Hartwig did not believe that war impended.

Certain references to the memoirs of Ljuba Jovanović have led the Central Powers to charge Pašić, who was the head of his Government when the World War broke out, with being responsible for the Serajevo murder. This theory rests on a connection said to have existed between Serbian army headquarters and the Bosnian Irregulars. It is also claimed that there was an agreement between the Chief of Staff and Pašić. On the other hand, however, it is a well-known fact that the two men had been deadly enemies for more than two years. And as for the hypothesis that the Serbian Government was behind the murder, the attitude of the Austrian Army leaders, both before and after that event, quite does away with that charge.

At the beginning of the new century the Serbian Radical Party had three great leaders — the 'Three P's,' as they were called collectively: Pašić, the man with the brains; Protić, the man with the fluent pen; and Paču, the spokesman and orator. Always it was Pašić's strength to work along a given line. In foreign affairs Pašić was first of all the friend of Russia, with France second, though on certain occasions he would lend an ear to Austria in matters of economic import.

Soon after the Karageorgiević dynasty came into power and the Radical element began to show its strength, Pašić negotiated commercial treaties with France, Italy, Bulgaria, and Rumania. In this way he hoped to establish a counterweight to the economic domination of Austria. As a matter of fact, and in spite of its social-revolutionary past, the Radical Party was always strongly pro-Russian. Albert Mousset, the great French authority on Yugoslavia, is no doubt right when he asserts that this is due to the

Party's traditional opposition to King Milan, who, after being left in the lurch by Russia at San Stefano, became decidedly pro-Austrian.

The foreign policies of Ninčić caused Pašić no little concern during his later years. He had long been in close touch with Masaryk, the great leader of the Austrian Slavs, and at one time the two men were active in founding the Little Entente. What Pašić desired was a Slav foreign policy closely connected with France, and possibly with Italy. He did not understand why the little Balkan nation, Serbia, should be made the most influential country in South-eastern Europe. The French General Staff believed that, next to France, Serbia was the most militaristic State on the Continent. Pašić felt that all this was superfluous.

In Serbian domestic politics he continued to occupy a pronounced central position. When the Democrats, at the close of the World War, wanted an immediate application of the Serbian agricultural law to the liberated regions, he insisted on a gradual change. When Communism threatened to spread from the near-by provinces to the State itself, Pašić took up the fight begun by Vesnić and brought his whole strength to bear against the danger. If he did not understand much of what transpired beyond the Danube and the Save, at least he knew what his Serbia needed, and his Serbia understood him. One of the most famous Serbian generals in the war once told me how, on the approach of spring, the peasant soldiers sent a deputation to ask to be allowed to return to their homes and sow their fields. At first he was at a loss how to proceed, but after some thought he made the following little speech: 'I am not one of those who want to continue the war; I myself should like nothing better than to go home. But it is Pašić who mobilized you, and he

does n't want us to go home and give up. Who elected Pašić?' The peasant soldiers had to admit that they had done it. 'All right,' replied the general; 'you yourselves then are responsible, and it is I who should complain to you, and not you to me.' After that speech there were no more complaints in that brigade.

Pašić stood with both feet firm in his country's soil. To the Serbian peasant he was Serbia, the native land. The King was merely a necessity. For, as an old peasant once said to me, if they had no king all Serbians would want to be number one. 'And that would n't do at all,' he added.

Pašić stood for the old Serbia, with its virtues and faults — the patient son of the soil who could wait years as well as days, the shrewd peasant who could play with two packs of cards at once. He was in league with Time, and years might pass before he had anything to say, and months before he would answer. New ideas were not for him in his later years. His tenacity in clinging to old customs has become legendary.

In spite of his many political friendships, he remained to the last a lonely man. Like Masterbuilder Solness, he loved youth — and feared it. Pašić's young lieutenants never became captains of his guard; always he looked for new men, for fear of being pushed aside by the old. Davidović, Jovanović, and Uzunović were all his enemies in his later years, and, in so far as they belonged to his own Party, men whom he feared.

But none of this was known in the villages. And even if it had been known, it would not have mattered. For in the villages Pašić with his eighty-six years still ruled the State. He was the living symbol of Serbian toughness and faith in the future — qualities that had won many battles and had saved the Serbian nation in its hours of peril.

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AN HOUR WITH JACQUES COPEAU¹

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

WE had the good fortune to run into Jacques Copeau on the way out from a meeting that was being held under the auspices of the *Revue de Jeunes* in the *Salle de Géographie*, where the eminent tragedian had given an appealing lecture about the chief scenes in Paul Claudel's *Annonce faite à Marie*.

Jacques Copeau was leaving the next day for Switzerland, but by going to his house with him that evening we were able to enjoy the conversation that we have tried to reproduce here. Giving as excuse the enthusiasm with which he had been greeted in Paris, we asked if he would not come back here soon, either to take up the *Vieux Colombier* again, or to establish his company, which has remained faithful to him and been in part rejuvenated, in another theatre. After a long silence, Copeau spoke as follows: —

Yes, indeed, it would be most tempting. I have felt the presence of the popular soul close to me. Wherever I have gone my lectures have been extremely successful — a fact that does not, however, prevent the French press from ignoring them completely.

I am just back from America, and, as you know, this was not my first visit. After my first seven months with the *Vieux Colombier* in Paris in the 1913-1914 season, I was suddenly ordered by the French Propaganda Service to go to America to study the possibilities of installing a permanent French theatre

in New York; for at that time there was a flourishing German theatre in town. I made my first visit to the United States toward the close of 1916, and after a series of conferences about the French theatre I had the opportunity of obtaining enough generous American support to permit me to install the *Vieux Colombier* troupe in New York at a playhouse called the Garrick Theatre.

Returning to France to reorganize my troupe, I went back again in October 1917, and installed myself definitely in New York with my players, my repertory, and my equipment. We played two full seasons, from November 1917 to June 1919, putting on daily performances of both classic and modern works, and attracting an audience of from six to seven hundred every evening. During my second season people were turned away at the door, and as a result of our experience several similar enterprises were launched, all with the idea of bringing new life to the dramatic art. When I left, one of these enterprises, the Theatre Guild, took up my quarters in the Garrick Theatre, and was so successful that three years ago it was able to build a much larger playhouse of its own on Fifty-second Street. It was this same Theatre Guild that invited me last summer to come and produce with its company a play that I had presented in French in New York in 1917 — *The Brothers Karamazov*. It was an adaptation of Dostoevskii's novel, which I had written in 1910, and which had been played for

¹ From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), February 19

the first time at the Théâtre des Arts with Jacques Rouché.

During our two New York seasons we put on more than thirty different productions, and in the second season alone more than twenty-five different plays in as many weeks, which proved that we could succeed in what someone had called an impossible experiment.

During my recent visit I was able to see how clearly the memory of what we had done still lingered, although eight years had passed since we left. In fact, only two influences have been brought to bear on the young American theatre — one being the Vieux Colombier, and the other the Moscow Art Theatre. In America I did a great deal of work in the universities. Nearly all of them have a department for dramatic study, and even a theatre where the students perform. These theatres are wonderfully equipped, but the performances that are put on in them are rather less interesting.

As for my own career, my father was a bourgeois who lived in the Faubourg St.-Denis, where I was born on the fourth of February, 1879, and my family, in accordance with the good bourgeois tradition of that honorable faubourg, were passionately fond of the theatre, and took me to it often. While at school, where one of my first pieces was played, I was presented to a celebrated critic, who gave me a write-up in *Le Temps*. These dramatic beginnings flattered and worried my family, who naturally had determined to send me to the École Normale.

Just at this time my father died, which made it necessary for me to earn my living sooner than we had expected. Getting married at twenty-three to a Danish girl, I went with her to her native country, where I stayed a year, earning my living by giving French lessons. My first articles that appeared in *L'Ermitage* date from this

time, and the second or third of them, in which I dealt with André Gide's *Immoraliste*, marked the beginning of my relations with this man.

In 1904 I grew tired of Denmark and returned to France, where I installed myself in the village of Raucourt in Ardennes, as director of a little iron factory that my father had left me. I stayed there a year, thoroughly discontented with the kind of life I had to lead. I made little enough money at first, and when I sold my factory I returned to Paris. But I had to keep alive and find a trade. I therefore entered the employ of Georges Petit, where for four years I sold pictures to all Paris. It was during this time — in 1909, to be precise — that the *Nouvelle Revue Française* was founded. *L'Ermitage* had just expired, and the little group that it had sheltered found themselves homeless. At the same time *Les Marges*, financed by Eugène Montfort, suspended publication, and there was a rapprochement between Ducoté, Gide, Schlumberger, Michel Arnaud, Ruyters, and myself on the one hand, and Montfort on the other.

We first met the evening my son was born, in a little room that Montfort, who to us represented capitalism, had taken in Montmartre. It was decided that Montfort should be the director of the paper. He made up the first number, and we read it with real consternation. From the first page to the last it supported points of view to which we were violently opposed, and we broke off relations with him at once. I was the one appointed by our party to take charge of negotiations that would lead to a break with Montfort, and I still possess a file of letters that may be edifying some day.

After this experience we kept quiet for several months, but appeared again under the auspices of Marcel Rivière. This was our real start. The first num-

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ber of our magazine is of interest chiefly to bibliophiles. To us it recalls only a sad chapter in our history — a useless effort. Our second start, however, marked the real beginning of a splendid fraternity, where friendship by no means excluded free criticism. At this time André Gide was already married, and lived on the Boulevard Raspail. He had only published his novel, *L'Immoraliste*. As I speak to you now, I can see him quite clearly before my eyes standing in his room beside a great wood fire with his black cape over his shoulders. At that time I was only twenty-nine, and had grown a big black beard.

Whoever has not lived with André Gide at Cuverville knows nothing about his ever-ready friendship, his generosity, delicacy, and joyous youthfulness. You would take the train, and Gide would meet you at the station in the legendary coach of M. Laugier, and from that time on the closest kind of family intimacy would begin — a life of confidences, mutual discoveries, and endless, excited conversations on all sorts of subjects. We played tennis and shot at targets; we took interminable bicycle rides, and ran through the beech forests around his house and the little near-by farms. Gide was the most enthusiastic of any at these games, and for my children Cuverville was like a family home. I remember one time when Gide, Ghéon, and I had gone to visit a friend. We were returning to Cuverville that evening, but suddenly the idea seized us to go to England. We were not slow in reaching Honfleur, where we took a little boat, and before we had time to weigh the wisdom of our decision found ourselves walking the streets of London.

Whoever imagines that we were sinister figures, ignorant of life and all its joys of fantasy and surprise, knows little about us. The truth is that no

one ever lived with more ardor than we, and Gide particularly, for his youthfulness is completely overwhelming.

Shortly after this, Jacques Rouché, who was editing the *Grande Revue*, engaged me as dramatic critic to succeed Léon Blum; and after me came Gustav Lanson. In 1910 Rouché took over the Théâtre des Arts, and I promised to adapt *The Brothers Karamazov*. The idea that I was going to have a play performed gave me such faith in my fortunes that I did not hesitate to leave the house of Georges Petit and install myself in a little village called Limon in the Seine-et-Marne department. I remained there for three years, until the Vieux Colombier was founded, and it was at Limon that I trained my troupe in preparation for our first season.

The Vieux Colombier succeeded the Athénée-St.-Germain, which had been given over to amateur performances. It was an out-of-date theatre, ridiculous and pathetic. Yet I was sorry, in a way, to be superseding this institution that dated so far back.

Skipping over the active period of my public life, which most people know about, I shall go on to what has happened since my departure from the stage and my recent disappearance. My departure was due to just one reason: I had worked too much and too hard, and I was on pins and needles. But I wanted the Vieux Colombier to be able to go on without me, and I published in the newspapers my famous letter giving moral support to Jouvét. I shall be telling no secrets if I say that Jouvét has not succeeded in maintaining the traditions of the Vieux Colombier. The most sympathetic man in the theatre is Dullin. He has faith, enthusiasm, and disinterestedness.

I left Paris chiefly to rest and to prepare myself for new work. The winter of 1924-25 was a black season. I went to Burgundy, near Dijon, waiting for

things to happen and for the new seeds to sprout. In December 1925 we installed ourselves at Pernand-Vergelesses, two steps away from Savigny-les-Beaune. Our village adopted us, and from one end of Burgundy to the other, both in the towns and in the country, our motor buses were greeted by all the children that saw us with shouts of '*Les copiaux, les copiaux! Look at the copiaux!*' You may be sure that the word will remain. It will become a synonym for an actor, a clown.

During this time we made new researches and went in for new exercises. Our first plays were *Le Médecin malgré lui* and *L'École des Maris*, which we performed before huge popular audiences in all the villages of Burgundy, large and small. After playing the villages we attempted the large towns, Dijon and Chalon-sur-Saône. Do not believe the story about literary men in the country. Nothing was more healthy and more genuine than our efforts, and every year we organized the wine festivals at Beaune and at Nuits-St.-Georges. In the covered market place, before a crowd of two or three thousand people, we acted plays celebrating the joys of life and of wine and work in the vineyards. In October 1925, during the wine festival at Nuits-St.-Georges, we gave two performances. The first was in the afternoon, at the official reception to the queens of that district. We arranged the ceremonials, which consisted of chants, choruses, and processions. The whole thing was over by seven o'clock. We then walked through the town in our costumes, and when we returned from dinner played our own piece. We knew our characters to the least detail.

This performance made such a strong impression on the villagers that several months afterward they sent a delegation of several notable men to us

to obtain from me a copy of the celebration we had devised. 'We should like,' they said, 'to put this precious copy in the archives at the Town Hall to bear witness to future generations of the passage of *les copiaux* and of the great day they gave us.'

I need hardly add that we were deeply touched by this gesture, and at once gave them what they wanted.

The summer of 1926 was the first time that all my associates were working together. We had perfected two plays, *Le Médecin malgré lui* and *L'École des Maris*, and a third theatrical piece of our own, *L'Illusion*. Last October we toured Switzerland, and made enough money to keep us going for five or six months. I can assure you that I have solved the economic question for my group of artists. Like everyone else, you will probably say that I should come back here to Paris, and come back often. I have received reproachful letters, but I reply that I should like to have these people who complain tell what they propose to have me do. They are content to quote Lucien Dubech, who said: 'Whenever Copeau wants it, he can make all the money that he needs.' Dubech is a charming man, but since he is so well informed I wish he would tell me where this money is coming from that is awaiting only a gesture on my part.

In the first place, I do not want to be exploited. I want to remain as I am — happy in my creative work. I want to do this work freely. What more would you have? In our dear little village in Burgundy, with a young, enthusiastic, homogeneous troupe, we work for eight months trying many new experiments, no matter how audacious. We live wisely in the spirit of poverty. Four months of the year we go to the capitals and big cities, presenting there the plays we have worked out, and we make enough money to support us all

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during the rest of the year. No, I do not want to return to Paris and be at the mercy of chance. I should only come back with permanent assurances of a livelihood, and something more besides. So much money is necessary to start a playhouse, with all the renovations and repairs that are needed.

To my mind Claudel is incontestably the greatest dramatist of modern times. But what have people done for him?

When have his pieces been worthily performed? What I want to do is to present *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, which no one has ever put on satisfactorily, and also to act that admirable trilogy, *L'Otage*, *Le Pain dur*, and *Le Père Humilié*. Only Claudel's art is totally synthetic and at the same time of such eternal value that it serves as a basis that will support the newest experiments.

A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY IN THE SEVENTIES¹

BY BISHOP S. MOTODA

[This article is taken from a newspaper report of an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Club of Japan upon the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the fraternity's foundation.]

ON the fourteenth of March, 1868, in the first year of the Meiji era, the Emperor gave an audience to his princes and lords at which he was pleased to proclaim five great reforms, one of which was 'the need of seeking knowledge in all quarters of the globe.' In obedience to this proclamation the Government at once set about the reforms recommended, among which was to establish a system of common schools. This was a popular measure, for the Emperor had merely given voice to what the people already had in their minds. So it happened that in the fifth year of the Meiji, or 1872, a comprehensive public-school law was enacted, the intent of which was to

introduce modern scientific studies in Japan. Already a careful investigation of the school systems of America and Europe had been made, and courses of study had been drawn up similar to those in the more advanced Western nations.

As a result primary schools were established all over the country. The first in my province of Kurume, in Kyushu, was at Hiyoshimachi, and I was one of the first boys to attend it. At that time I was twelve years old, and I had already cut off my queue — not very short, however, but about the length of an American girl's long bob. I had also given up wearing my beloved swords, to which I was entitled as the son of a samurai.

It was a great revelation in my school life to change from the old method of education to the new one. Formerly we samurai were made to sit in turn before a dignified teacher and to repeat after him words and phrases of the Chinese classics. Now we had

¹ From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), December 15

to sit on benches before desks and to recite in classes together with the children of the *heimin*, or common people, and even with girls of our own age. Reading was no longer limited to the Chinese classics, but included words and phrases in common use.

One of the most striking sentences that I learned at this time, and still remember, is: '*Kami wa tenchi no shusai ni shite, hito wa bambutsu no rei cho nari*' — 'God is the ruler of Heaven and earth, and man is the lord of all creatures.' It was in a government textbook which was used, I believe, all over Japan. 'The supremacy of God and the dignity of man.' I do not think teachers themselves appreciated its full meaning; nor did the pupils understand it. It is nevertheless a wonderful expression. To me it was a new light. My Christian knowledge may possibly be traced back to that very text.

We knew nothing about hats and caps, and, although we were aware that foreigners had peculiar things in which they encased their feet, it never entered our minds to wear shoes. Not until I entered the normal school two years later did I adopt these articles of foreign garb. My normal-school days gave me my first real knowledge of the world. We had a wonderful geography called *Yochishiryaku*, with beautiful pictures of cities and scenery in Europe and America. I believe it was a translation of an American textbook. Much of what I know of the world to-day I learned from that volume. Before that I had heard only of *Kara* and *Tenjuju* — that is, China and India — as countries outside of Japan, and had only a vague notion even of those.

Among other books which were very popular were several written by Fukuzawa. His *Sekai Kuni dzkushi*, or 'Nations of the World,' was my

favorite. I learned from it the names of all the countries and important cities, and the principal routes of travel from one place to another. I think this author did more than anyone else of that period to introduce us to Western knowledge. He was a true internationalist in education.

After finishing my normal-school course I was appointed principal of a primary school just established near the town where I resided. I was only sixteen years old at the time, or about the age of a fourth-year student in a middle school to-day, but I was placed in charge of the institution, with four teachers under me and one hundred and twenty boys and girls in attendance. My salary was six yen — or three dollars in American currency — a month. One of my assistant teachers received three yen a month, and the others even less.

This does not mean that we were poorly paid compared with teachers elsewhere. Quite the contrary, for I was one of the best-paid principals in the teaching staff at that time. I am speaking, of course, only of the primary schools.

As we review our history half a century after those pioneer days of modern education in our country we realize what wonderful progress we have made. Japan from the very beginning laid stress on the education of the common people. Regardless of the social class to which he belonged, every child had the privilege of going to school, and later school attendance was made compulsory. The ideal has been from the outset that every Japanese should be taught to read and write, and the Government has worked steadily to that end. According to the last census, taken in 1924, over ninety-nine per cent of the nine million and more children of school age in Japan are enrolled in the public schools.

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This does not mean that all these children learn to read and write, for some of those enrolled leave school for various reasons before they have acquired even a rudimentary education. If we allow for these, however, and for the children of fishermen and other water-dwellers who may escape the sharp eye of the Government, I think we can safely say that ninety per cent of all our children of school age actually receive a common-school education. Even that figure is a very remarkable one. When I visited India some years ago I was told by the authorities that ninety-seven per cent of the children of school age in that country were illiterate. We have no statistics of China, but the figures are probably no better there. Even in America and Europe, which boast of their advanced civilization, there are few countries that rival us in this respect. I imagine that perhaps the only people who do so are the Scandinavians. At a World Conference on Education held in San Francisco a few years ago I met a lady from Norway who said that one hundred per cent of the people in her country could read and write. If so, they beat us by about ten per cent.

Among the many blessings that universal education has bestowed upon Japan is that it has made us all one people. When the public-school system was established we were still living in a state of feudalism and were deeply attached to our local customs and manners. One evidence of this was the use of dialects. You often hear

that Japan has one language, but at the time our public schools were established people living in different sections spoke what were virtually different languages. For example, we natives of Kyushu could not understand the people of Northeastern Japan. We had no need to understand them, for in the feudal days there was very little intercourse, or communication of any kind, among the common people of the various clans. To be sure, the feudal chiefs and some of their retainers had to have some medium of communication with their fellows of equal rank in other parts of the country, and so they learned to speak the Yedo dialect. Each feudal lord, with a certain number of his retainers, was obliged to spend part of his time at the seat of the shogunate, partly for that purpose. When such people returned home with their new accomplishment they were called *Yedokko*. The dialect of the capital was supposed to be the best Japanese, and those who could speak it fluently were also called *kidoriya*—something like 'highbrows' to-day.

With the establishment of a public-school system all teachers and pupils were obliged to use the Yedo dialect in their classes, and it thus gradually supplanted the local patois. Now the Yedo tongue is no longer a dialect—it is the Japanese language. Thus the public schools, together with modern facilities of communication, have given the country a common medium of expression.

A 'Y' MAN IN RUSSIA¹

BY KIRBY PAGE

[In the fall of last year a party of Americans representing various branches of Christian work visited Russia under the leadership of Dr. Sherwood Eddy. Included in the party were Chester Rowell, of Fresno; C. Clayton Morris, editor of the *Christian Century*; F. W. Ramsey, Chairman of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A.; Mrs. Ralph Adams Cram, Boston; Dean William Scarlett, St. Louis; Jerome Davis, Yale; W. H. Danforth, St. Louis; and Miss Louise Gates, General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Mr. Kirby Page, a member of the party, has sent to friends in Tokyo a summary of his impressions, which, without professing to be complete or specially authoritative, seems to have the merit of being objective, and is produced below.]

My first impression is one of amazement at the magnitude of the economic and industrial achievement of the Bolsheviki during the past five years. Both in industry and in agriculture the pre-war level of production is now being approached, if not actually equaled, and present tendencies are upward. It is impossible to speak with certainty on this point, because of the incompleteness and possible inaccuracy of available statistics. The standard of living maintained by most industrial workers is probably slightly higher than under the Tsar. Concerning the relative status of the peasants, who

constitute approximately eighty-five per cent of the population, there are contrary opinions. Some authorities believe that on the average the peasants are better off economically than before the war. While all land is nominally owned by the State, more than ninety per cent of the arable area has been divided among the peasants and is actually under their control. The amount available for each family, however, is very small. The supply of live stock is also very inadequate. Very few peasants have modern farm equipment, although the Government is making heroic efforts to aid them in securing tractors and other machinery. John Maynard Keynes, the eminent British economist, who visited Russia at the end of 1925, expressed the opinion that 'the real income of the Russian peasant is not much more than half what it used to be.' Whether his estimate or the higher ones be accepted, it is a fact that, judged by conditions in the United States, the scale of living of both industrial and agricultural workers is pitifully low.

Wherever one goes in Russia there is striking evidence of the releasing of life on a vast scale. Multitudes of people who formerly were driven like dumb cattle by tyrannous government officials and grasping industrialists and landlords now feel a new sense of freedom and possess new vitality. Whatever may be its faults and dangers, the present Government of Russia is a workers' government; the proletarians are the privileged class, and are

¹ From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), February 3

naturally conscious of their increased importance and power. The deepest longing of the peasants has always been for land, and now that they have the land they are willing to endure proletarian dictatorship. A remarkable awakening is occurring in the villages. Millions of peasants have returned after very varied experiences in the army and in Allied prisons; additional millions have returned from service in the Red Army, where they received educational and vocational instruction; hundreds of thousands have returned from cities and industrial communities. The coöperative movement, both consumers' and agricultural, is growing with amazing rapidity. There are now more than ten million members of consumers' coöperative societies in Russia. The peasants are rapidly coming to a realization of their power, and it is certain that they will exercise more and more influence in the determination of national policies.

The Bolsheviks are making strenuous efforts to spread education, art, music, and drama throughout the land. They are severely handicapped by lack of funds, and their actual accomplishment thus far in primary and elementary education is not great. The school enrollment is only slightly above pre-war days, and includes only one third of the children of school age. As a rule the equipment is poor. If economic production continues to rise, however, the Government will undoubtedly steadily increase its appropriations for education. The Russian talent for music is famous around the world. Never have we been more impressed and inspired than by the singing of the wonderful church choirs. Great emphasis is placed upon the arts. The priceless art collections of pre-war days have been preserved with scrupulous care, and have been greatly increased by additions from many private gal-

leries. The treasures and jewels of the Royal Family have likewise been carefully preserved. We were privileged to see the Crown jewels — probably the most valuable collection anywhere in the world. At a conservative estimate, the various treasures now in the hands of the Soviet Government are valued at far more than five hundred million dollars. That these treasures have not been stolen or disposed of is a striking tribute to the integrity of those in control.

This leads me to refer to a third impression — namely, that the leaders of the Government are for the most part men of exceptional ability, unquestioned courage, and unswerving devotion to their cause. The very fact that they have maintained themselves in power for nine years and have accomplished such remarkable results in the face of terrific odds speaks volumes as to their qualifications for leadership.

Moral and religious conditions in Russia are such as to cause alarm for the future. The Bolsheviks are bitterly hostile to religion. This is due in part to their scientific materialism and in part to the kind of religion with which they have had contact. The Orthodox Church was under the complete control of the Tsarist government, and was the corrupt tool of autocracy and tyranny. The Bolsheviks are now trying to destroy the influence of religion and the Church. There is complete separation of Church and State. All Church lands and buildings have been nationalized. About ninety-six per cent of Church buildings have been leased to congregations and are being used for religious purposes. There is complete freedom of worship, and the churches are fairly well attended. Organized religious instruction of children under eighteen is a criminal offense, although parents may give

religious teaching to their own children at home, and certain exceptions are made in favor of the sectarian groups which conducted classes in the Catechism prior to the Revolution. Priests and ministers are deprived of the right to vote or hold office. While in the past there has undoubtedly been a great deal of persecution of the priests and many have been executed on the charge of counter-revolutionary activities, so far as we could learn the number of priests imprisoned in recent months has been very small. Anti-religious propaganda is still carried on with vigor by members of the Communist Party, no one of whom could enter or remain in the Party if he believed in God. There can be no doubt that organized religion in Russia is meeting the most bitter opposition of modern times. There are some signs, however, that persecution is purging and purifying the Church, and it may be that once more the blood of the martyrs will prove to be the seed of the Church.

Concerning moral conditions, it is exceedingly difficult to form accurate impressions. Even before the war, moral standards in Russia were very different from our own. There has always been more freedom and promiscuity in sex relations than in America. Throughout most of Europe moral standards have deteriorated in the past decade. The Communist theories of marriage and the family have undoubtedly increased sexual looseness since the Revolution. Illegitimacy is not visited with legal or social penalties, although severe financial penalties are imposed upon the father. Although marriage is very easy, many couples do not take the trouble to register. Divorce may be obtained upon request by either party, regardless of the wishes of the other. Sexual crimes, however, are punished with extreme rigor.

Children are being indoctrinated with atheism. What the future holds in store cannot be foretold, but I confess that I am greatly alarmed over the prospects.

The present government of Russia is a rigorous dictatorship by the Communist Party, which now has slightly more than a million members. No opposition party is allowed. Even within the Communist Party no freedom of discussion is permitted after a Party decision has been reached. The slightest breach of discipline may be met by expulsion from the Party, as many as two hundred and fifty thousand members having been expelled in a single year. There are drastic limitations upon freedom of the press and public assembly. Public criticism of or opposition to decrees of the Government that is construed as counter-revolutionary activity is severely punished. Control of the Government is highly centralized, and the bureaucracy is all-powerful. An elaborate and effective secret service or spy system, known as the G. P. U., is maintained. Members of the former middle and upper classes are under constant surveillance, many of whom, with or without cause, are living in constant fear. The right to vote or hold office is denied to all persons who are not engaged in productive labor by hand or brain. The disfranchised group includes employers of labor for private profit, as well as priests and servants of the Church.

The international policy of the Soviet Union includes many elements that command my admiration and other phases that make me very apprehensive. In few countries are the rights of racial minorities so well safeguarded as in the Soviet Union. We saw striking evidence of this fact when we visited the Tatar Republic and talked with its President and Prime Minister. The

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Union is a loose federation of many different republics and autonomous states, any one of which has the right to secede at will. So far as we could discover, there is very little racial discrimination. The Soviet Government has repeatedly disavowed the imperialist ambitions of the old Tsarist régime. The Red Army has been reduced to about four hundred and fifty thousand men, which is relatively very much smaller than the armies maintained by most other European nations.

When we come to the question of Bolshevik propaganda abroad for the purpose of inciting world revolution, we are met with contradictory evidence. The Soviet Government has signed numerous treaties with other Powers in which provisions against propaganda are included. And yet we know that Communist propaganda and agitation are carried on by Russians in many different countries, notably in China, India, the Balkans, Germany, and Great Britain. The question naturally arises as to the relationship of the Soviet Government to the activities of the Communist (or Third) International. In theory the Soviet Government is entirely separate from and in no sense responsible for the Comintern (Communist International). In theory the Comintern is controlled by an annual meeting of delegates from the various Communist parties of the world. In fact, it is, in my opinion, controlled by the Communist Party of Russia. It was founded by Russians; its chief officers are Russians; its headquarters are in Moscow; only in Russia of all the Great Powers are Communists in control of the government. The real seat of authority for both the Soviet Union and the Comintern is the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Russia, consisting of sixty members, and the all-powerful inner group of nine mem-

bers of the Politburo of the Party.

The aims and methods of the Communist Party of Russia are, therefore, of great significance in relation to foreign propaganda. That the Communists are fully committed to a programme of world revolution cannot be denied. The methods advocated are likewise clearly known, and include agitation, plotting, the violent overthrow of existing capitalist governments, the maintenance of power by proletarian dictatorship and, if necessary, by terror. Communists pride themselves on being realists, and look with contempt upon 'idealists' and 'sentimentalists.' They believe that the end justifies the means, and say that any method which aids world revolution is right and any method that hinders it is wrong. This is not only their theory of revolution—wherever conditions have been ripe in one degree or another the theory has been put into practice. The only test is one of expediency. So long as these are the tactics of the Communist Party of Russia, and so long as it retains control of the Soviet Union and the Comintern, it is needless to expect propaganda to cease, regardless of any promises the Soviet Government may make. As a matter of fact, we were told by a high official of the British Government that the clauses against propaganda in England's treaty with Russia have been violated repeatedly.

The next question which comes to mind concerns the seriousness of the menace of Bolshevik propaganda. My own opinion is that so far as the United States is concerned we have little to fear from such propaganda in the near future, and that the most effective means of combating it is not by ostracism of Russia and the legal suppression of the Communist Party in our country, but by meeting idea with idea in the open light of day. Unless

we refuse to deal with the excesses of our social order, and unless Bolshevik ideas are inherently superior to our own, we need not fear that they will overthrow our government. As Norman Angell has pointed out in his extraordinarily stimulating book, *Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road?* revolutions are not caused by radicals, but by conservatives who resist necessary social changes. Even Communists maintain that they do not 'advocate' revolution, but that revolution is 'inevitable' because injustice is allowed to remain unremedied.

There is another factor which should be considered — namely, the division within the Communist ranks concerning the tactics of the world revolution. The practical administrators of the Soviet Government say that to make

a success of their own efforts is more important than foreign propaganda. Men like Chicherin, Minister of Foreign Affairs, realize that propaganda is one of the chief barriers to normal relations with other nations. It is my opinion that if the United States would recognize the Soviet Union and resume diplomatic relations the effect would be to strengthen the hands of the administrators and weaken the agitators. For this and other reasons, I strongly favor such recognition. There is, of course, the possibility that increasing success on the part of the Bolshevik Government would stimulate radicals in other countries to follow their example of violence and dictatorship. Personally, I regard this danger as less than the menace of ostracism and suppression.

RELATIVITY

BY FRED A. C. BOND

[*Nation and Athenaeum*]

ACROSS the lawn the little tiger walks,
Seeking an ambush in the cabbage stalks —
The tabby tiger, the domestic cat.
With twitching tail, stiff whiskers, ears laid flat,
The prowling garden monster brings dismay
To mouse and bird; but neither he nor they
Visage that other tiger, bringing dread
To jungles vaster than a cabbage bed.

Tigers and cats and men — ah, who can tell
Where, in uncharted seas of space, may dwell
Man's prototype? Or who can say what Mind
Likens that unknown man to us, who find
Resemblance in the beasts — or when began
Earth's back-yard version of that other man?

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THE NEGRO¹

BY F. C. VON KUCZYUSKA

It was one of those bright tropical nights such as Gonçalves Dias, the adored Brazilian writer, describes — one of those nights when the stars shine big and bright as they never do in Europe, when the dew falls like tear-drops from the trees. The air was heavy with the smell of orchids and the smoke of a dying fire, but it was far from peaceful. A chorus of buzzing, humming, rattling, rustling, whispering, and fluttering noises, caused by beetles, crickets, wind, and leaves, arose from the great forest. Now and then the tread of a mule could be heard in the brush, and at other times the cooing of a forest dove or the cries of wild apes echoed through the woods.

On such a night as this Florianus told me the story of the Negro. He told me this tale in *adagio* measure, while night spread its black canopy over us like the wings of an enormous bat.

It was when I was a hollow-chested youth with weak arms. My boss was a cautious man who kept close to his house, where he maintained a group of paid supporters, a band of men who would spring to his defense if any danger threatened. There were twenty of these fellows, — *capangas*, they were called, — and a hard-boiled lot they were. I possessed but a single weapon — an iron club that I bore at my side. Holding the reins of my little black mule loose, I would leap on its back,

flicking my cigar ash into the air. Then I would ride away, puffing out great clouds of smoke behind me.

We young people were sitting together one day, and I was lying flat on my back, propped up against a little mound, and plucking the strings of my guitar, while the others formed a circle around me. Suddenly the boss rushed up to us, and with one accord we greeted him with the exclamation, '*Senhor!*' To which he replied, 'What Peter the Sailor has been up to is plenty!'

He then pointed his finger at me and my friend Paskal, saying: 'I don't need to move. Just you two little fellows who have told me so much about the habits of the blacks go out and bring this Negro to me bound hand and foot.'

Why should I lie? My heart began to beat with fear, and I said to myself: 'You're in a hole now, Florian. The boss has got his hooks into you.'

Paskal looked at me furtively. It seemed that the boss wanted to put us both to the test, for we were still young fellows, and so far we had only worked for him in camp, where we had herded together wandering troops of donkeys.

I had heard a great deal about this Peter, and knew that he had appeared one day from nobody knew where; but it had been said that he hailed from San Francisco, and thus it came to pass he was given the name of 'The Sailor,' though who he was no one knew. I did, however, know this much about him — he was an amazingly capable fellow, deep black, and stalwart as a

¹ From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), February 8

tree trunk. Tall and trim he stood, and both his arms were like branches of a mighty tree. He spoke but little, and worked hard. I can still see him to-day in his sky-blue shirt from Varro Preto. At his side he carried a long, sharp knife, bigger than a sickle and smaller than a sword; it was always ready for use, and glistened in the sun. This Negro filled everyone with the greatest fear; yet he was a good fellow. He surveyed the world with a proud air, and we always felt that when he laid his hand on a goat's back it would break the animal in two. Thus it was that no one became intimate with him; and he for his part did not mix with the other workers; he lived quietly by himself in the forest.

Then suddenly rumors began to fly. He was referred to as a runaway Negro, the slave of a man who lived near Carinhanha. Our boss could not tolerate runaway Negroes. He demanded obedience and submissiveness from the blacks. Before him they must bow down and cross themselves reverently. It was therefore only natural that he should become furious when news of this adventurous navigator came to his ears, and that my own fears should also grow. I saw that a conflict between myself and the Negro was inevitable.

My terror reached its height when I heard of a fight that had occurred in Maria Nova's wine store, from which the Negro emerged unscathed. Complaints had been made, and a party had been dispatched to capture him. But, death and destruction, the Negro showed himself in his true colors! Knowing that the blow of a jaguar's paw is no joke, he had armed himself against it, and his sharp knife shone at his belt. When the posse came and began to encircle the wine shop preparatory to capturing him, Peter made a frightful face at them like a croco-

dile. His back to the wall, he stood facing the door that opened on the street. Maria Nova, who saw what went on from close by, told me that she had whispered a prayer to the Holy Mother, for her Bentinho possessed a secret amulet that she herself usually wore on her own black breast, where it flashed white in the sunshine. Three men in the posse tried to break into the house, but all failed.

Peter had a good defense against guns, for, when José Pequeno took aim at him and fired, Peter simply made a dive forward, and, when the smoke cleared, José lay dead on the ground, bleeding like a pig. Two other boys then tried to attack the Negro, but he jumped on their stomachs until one was dead, while the other escaped. Accounts of this extraordinary achievement were told long afterward, and from that day on Peter avoided showing himself in the town. Very seldom did he appear, and then only at night.

Fate so ordained it that the Governor happened to encounter our boss, and asked for his help in capturing the escaped Negro. For Peter really had been a slave, and had lived in hiding for many years. The Governor sought to enforce the law, and my master was only too glad of the opportunity to drag a rebellious slave to his just punishment.

'Well, what do you think of it, Florian?' asked my boss, and laughed.

'It shall be as you wish, Your Reverence. If you command it, I will bring the Negro bound before you.'

'We'll see if you do.'

'*Vamos embora,*' I said to my friend.

As we departed our boss clapped me on the back, and, turning to the Governor, said; 'These two fellows will bring Peter bound to the police this evening, but you must pay them two hundred milreis.'

I returned to our quarters, armed

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myself with my iron club, and stuck a big knife in my belt. Paskal was standing at the door of his house, whistling a little song. When he saw me he laughed and said: 'Do you want to come back, young fellow? Is this the way you would capture Peter? Why, he would make hash of you! We must seize him by stealth.'

Paskal was a cunning chap, and I trusted him, for he was always thinking up new tricks and ideas. He told me to go home and leave my club and knife, and get some fishing equipment instead. We set out early in the morning, at a time of day when we had often before traversed the meadows and rounded up the mules.

'But to-day we are after fish,' said Paskal calmly. 'Near San Baptista is just the place. The fish are numerous as ants there. Peter's little house is not far away from that place, either. I know just where it is. We must capture him by cunning. Now here's my plan: when I cry, "Grab him!" you seize hold of him, Florian.'

After the instructions of my friend I had little inclination to risk my life in such an enterprise, and kept thinking of how I could run away. But Paskal would not let me out of his sight. When we had reached the vicinity of our fishing grounds I was more scared than ever, for at the time I was in love with the daughter of Joaquin the bee-keeper. I fluttered around Emilia like a butterfly around a rose; and she was a lovely girl indeed, with breasts as soft as little otters, and her percale dress and new slippers of yellow Cordovan leather. Several days ago she had sent me a woolen sash, which I was wearing to-day. 'Dearest!' I murmured. 'Light of my life! To think that I must die so soon!' For I believed that the Negro would surely kill us.

With these sad thoughts in my mind

I stumbled over the root of a tree, and was on the point of jumping up and running away when Paskal looked at me and laughed. Dark clouds were scudding across the heavens like vultures, and the wind was blowing ripe fruits from the trees. Two snake storks rushed at each other, screeching frightfully. I remember to this day how they lunged and hopped about, flapping their wings and ruffling their crests, while their eyes flashed fire. A voice within me said: 'See here, Florian: the outcome of this fight will be a sign of what is going to happen to you.' But Paskal cried to me: 'What are you moping about? Get going!' From this moment on I walked briskly, and we joked together until we came to the fishing place. Here we pulled up our trousers and waded knee-deep in the water, each of us with his rod over his shoulder. Splashing in the glistening stream, I had almost forgotten the danger I was facing, when Paskal brought me back to reality. It was just as well that no one suspected our motives, for when we arrived at Peter's house we discovered that he was not at home, but was threshing corn. We found him with a little brown girl, who had brought the corn to him, standing by his side. He greeted us in a good-natured voice. 'Ah, there you are, you two little fellows. Try my spring just below the waterfall. There is a big flat stone there, and splendid fishing.'

'Thanks, Grandpa. May Christ protect you!' Paskal replied; and no one could have suspected him of hypocrisy.

'If you'd like a bit of meat, a thin slice of bacon hangs smoking over my hearth, and you'll find my knife in the dining-room. I notice that neither of you has brought yours with you.'

We entered the house, and all three rooms — bedroom, dining-room, and

kitchen — were empty. In a corner Peter's glistening knife leaned against the wall. Paskal seized it, went out by the kitchen door, and threw it into a hole. Then he whistled to me, and I helped him look for the Negro's *lazarina* — a big gun and an excellent weapon.

'Are there a couple of birds around here, Grandpa — wild hens that we might shoot?' cried Paskal.

'More than a couple — there's a whole flock of them. If you see my gun there, take it with you.'

'I won't shoot any sparrows with it, Grandpa.'

'Good enough, little fellow.'

Paskal took up the gun. The Negro had left his work, and was approaching the door of his house. The hour had come. I held my breath. As Peter walked through the door Paskal prepared to give the signal. At this moment I was to rush through the door and grab the Negro from behind. I had therefore sneaked out of the room, and when Paskal cried, 'Now!' I leaped like a jaguar upon Peter's back and seized hold of him with the grip of an anteater. I knew my man, you may be sure. Peter was no weakling, and with me clinging fast to his back he fell all over the house. 'Not ten of you little fellows — not ten! Oh, if I had only known!'

Just as a wounded animal tries to get a javelin out of its side, that black man tried to shake me loose; but I knew what would happen to me if I let go, and therefore I hung on all the harder, crying, 'Hurry, Paskal.'

But Paskal shouted: 'Keep cool. We have the Negro now. I must fix up something out here, and will be with you in a minute.'

How long that minute lasted! It was an eternity. The Negro slung his head back from time to time, while my legs flew in the air, nearly hitting

the ceiling. We fought and fought, until finally Paskal thrust a log of wood between Peter's legs, so that he stumbled and fell face down. Both of us then threw ourselves upon him, and I cried in triumph: 'Now do you realize, you dinky, that a Negro is not a man at all?'

He was obstinate, and shouted again: 'Not ten of you, not ten! Oh, if I had only known!' At this moment Paskal took a long, tough piece of hemp rope out of his knapsack. Peter was lying in just the right position, and we hurriedly bound him fast. 'Now get up, Mr. Negro,' cried Paskal. We had tied his arms behind his back, and were able to turn and twist him as we pleased — he was fastened up thoroughly. I then hitched one end of the rope around my wrist and dragged Peter along behind me. As soon as we had left his grounds he made no more lamentations, and thus we marched along for an hour. But suddenly the black man gave a pull at the rope and began to run, so that I fell to the ground. As I went down the rope came loose; but Paskal was close by, and caught Peter such a blow in the back of the neck that he stumbled. Thus we were able to catch him, and late in the evening returned home with our Negro in tow.

Our boss greeted us cheerfully. 'Did n't I say that the two little fellows would be able to catch the black man? There he is — Peter in person.'

Crowds of people thronged about to congratulate us, and all were amazed at our courage. The crowd remained in front of our boss's house until the squad came to take the Negro away. Paskal and I then received our two hundred milreis. I had vowed to light a candle in honor of the Virgin of Abadia if I returned unscathed, and I bought one the next day. On the following evening I attended a party at

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my friend Mendes's house, at which Emilia and her father the bee-keeper were also present. I bought a little gold pin and a sky-blue shawl for the girl of my heart, but she was cool to me all evening, making wry faces, and refusing to give me even a little kiss. I left my friend's house early in the morning, just as the cocks were crowing. The morning star looked like a heron flying over the dark horizon, and the dew on the grass chilled my feet so that I shivered a little. I turned down the side street leading off the Rua de Traz, where I lived at the time. Full of sorrow, I began to pluck my guitar, which I was carrying over my arm, and to sing a lament to Emilia.

Suddenly a face appeared close to mine from around the corner, and my heart stood still with fear. It was Peter the Sailor, who had escaped from his guardians. In a second he had grabbed me by the throat, and his lips curled with hatred. Three times he hurled me in the air until I was almost unconscious. 'Apologize for what you did to me day before yesterday, you shameless, miserable little boy, you viper, so that it will be easier for me to send you to Hell where you belong. Beg my pardon!'

One must have a little blood in one's veins. I was dumb as a fish. I knew that I must die, and I swore that the Negro should not win a complete victory, and that the white race should not be humbled through my cowardly behavior. Furiously, and ever more

furiously, the Negro demanded that I apologize. I gave no reply, and said not a word. He therefore seized me in his arms as if I were a feather and carried me to a little bridge that spanned a loathsome hollow in the ground. The mouth of the hollow was black as pitch, but the head of a boa constrictor, eager to whip his coils about me, could be seen sticking out of it. Peter hung me out over the edge of the bridge and tossed my body up and down in the air. A shudder went through me from head to foot, and my spine tingled as if ants were walking up and down it; but my mouth remained closed. The Sailor then set me down on the ground all in a heap, looked at me for a long time, and then said: '*Vai te embora!* Go home. You are the only real man I have ever met.'

I looked at him in astonishment, unable to understand what had happened. This gigantic Negro grew larger and larger before my eyes. I did not know whether it was day that was breaking, or whether the light was coming from some inner glory he possessed. Slender, enormous, with widespread arms like an archangel's, he stood over me. I bent my head low before him and drew back a step, blinking. I felt I should suffocate. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I stretched my hands to him and the tears poured down my cheeks as I said: 'Praise be to Jesus Christ!'

When I looked up again the Negro had gone.

THE FORMIDABLE FUTURE¹

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

I HAVE just read a number of books by scholars, physicists, chemists, and biologists concerning the future of their sciences. I always take the liveliest pleasure in such anticipations. I enjoy contemplating possible methods of life that will perhaps some day be ours. Our modern prophets are modest, and for fifty years discoveries have progressed more rapidly than their predictions. In 1902 Wells timidly announced that heavier-than-air flying machines would perhaps begin to be useful in warfare by 1950. The scientific paradox of to-day is the commonplace of to-morrow. For several months it has seemed that radio television — that is to say, the transmission of a moving image through the air — would be realized in a laboratory. Within a few years we shall surely be able both to see and hear our interlocutor with the assistance of a wireless contrivance which will perhaps be called the 'telephotophone.' Pocket models will enable us to continue a conversation with a friend during a journey or a walk. Lovers will make dates at twenty minutes and sixteen seconds past four at a wave length of four hundred and fifty-two metres. An ether police force will monopolize certain wave lengths for secret government communications. A subscription blank will reserve for anyone a determined wave length for five, ten, or fifteen minutes. There will be wave lengths for unmarried ladies, and

others for schools. Already in modern America there are organizations that charge a fixed price for sending children to sleep by singing lullabies every evening from seven o'clock on.

This double presence of image and sound will go on transforming our lives. Absence and separation will descend several rungs on the ladder of sentimental values. Lying will become more difficult. A woman will no longer be able to say on the telephone that she is out simply by imitating the voice of her maid. What is more, we shall presently be able to give or to refuse visual communication, and it will undoubtedly follow presently that we shall be able to transmit everything seen from an airplane passing over a garden or a stretch of countryside. Then, too, the wireless steering of airplanes from a distance by the aid of a gyroscope is already conceivable, and we can even imagine a little apparatus that each one of us will have at his bedside which will enable him to flash a picture on a screen, where successive views of towns, streets, and people will be displayed.

An English professor of physics goes so far as to threaten the next century with an even more redoubtable invention. 'It is certain,' he says, 'that since human thought is composed of images and words, it ought to correspond to the radiations of certain sound waves. These radiations and waves will some day be captured — it is only a question of amplifiers.' From this moment on it will be possible, thanks

¹ From *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), February 3

to a kind of radioscope that everyone will have in his pocket, to read the thought of any interlocutor and to contemplate the images that he is forming in his mind all the time. Conversation will then be much more like the solitary, silent meditation of the present time. A will watch B thinking for a few minutes; then he will work out his reply, while B watches him. We shall all have to be natural, and hypocrisy will die.

When communication from a distance has become so easy, the speed of transportation will be less important, but it is obviously bound to increase. 'In theory,' says one of our authors, 'its only limit will be the speed of light.' The complete transformation of the production of energy will be even more serious. Coal and oil will give way to maritime power houses which will make use of the different temperatures in various currents of water. Then, too, the power of the wind will be captured by perfected accumulators. These inventions will completely transform the industrial districts of the world. The factories that were grouped about coal centres will gradually move to places where the wind is always blowing. Certain deserts, despised until that time, will become the most populated spots on the earth — nations will fight to conquer them. At the same time chemistry will make use of atmospheric nitrogen, and agriculture will almost cease to exist. The aspect of the world will change. Forests and gardens will take the place of cultivated fields. Light will be very cheap. The sources of modern lighting are truly primitive. 'With warm bodies,' says Professor Haldane, 'ninety-five per cent of their radiations are invisible. Using a lamp as a source of light is almost as great a waste of energy as burning down a house to make toast. It can be predicted with all security that in fifty

years light will cost one fiftieth of its present price, and in all the big cities there will be no such thing as night.'

This is terrifying, but the biologists are more alarming still. They now believe that they can explain our emotional and sentimental life by the abundance or lack of secretions from certain endocrine glands. 'It will be possible to make people violent or timid, sensual or the opposite, as you please, by simple injections of the products of these glands.' If a highly organized oligarchy is desired, it will be possible to inject in the children of the leaders the authoritative temperament and in the children of the proletariat the temperament of submission. Against the injections of official doctors the greatest orators of the Opposition will be impotent. The only difficulty will be to combine apparent submissiveness with the ferociousness that will be necessary in order to cope with foreign enemies, but I have no doubt that science will resolve this question.'

A paradox? Of course. Nevertheless, a great French scholar told me of this experiment the other day. Female virgin mice are placed with some newborn mice. The females continue to eat and play and run about without noticing the baby mice, and allow them to die without helping them. The products of certain glands that awaken the maternal instincts are then injected into these same mice. At once these Amazons are transformed into admirable mothers. They renounce their play and occupy themselves entirely with children that are not really their own. They will even die in their defense. In this case an elementary, simple, and powerful instinct is involved, but on the basis of such experiments it is easy to foresee the time when clever combinations of glandular secretions will permit us to obtain more subtle shades

of sentiment. We shall see laboratories where psychologists and biologists, or novelists and scholars, will collaborate to produce creatures of tender friendship, guaranteed pure and free from all sensuality; and as we now temper certain products that are too violent in one direction with some offsetting tinctures, — products that will act in a certain way under certain conditions, — so in the future mixtures of verbal romanticism and interior indifference can be manufactured.

Strange thoughts, indeed; but must they make us sad? I do not think so.

If in 1880 people could have known about the life we are leading to-day they would unquestionably have found it terrifying. Yet many of them are still alive, and have adapted themselves without noticing it to a method of existence that would once have seemed to them painful and extravagant. It will ever be thus. We do not know what the life of those of us who are living in 1957 will be, but it is certain that the survivors will find it normal and monotonous, and will reflect with curiosity about a future of which we ourselves cannot even conceive.

THE GARDEN

BY EDWARD SHANKS

[*Saturday Review*]

In the bright gusty April of our days

We search for changing weathers here and there,

Now asking darker skies and now more fair,

Seeking this soil or that wherein to raise

The seed of a new blossom all must praise —

Thus do all men and thus I too have done,

While through what winding paths my feet have run

Nor ever found the centre of the maze.

Now in your garden let me like a tree

Put down my roots and stretch my arms apart,

A fruit tree ripening on a southern wall,

There in your eyes that ripening sun to see

And draw my sap forever from your heart

And bear what fruit I may and let it fall.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Jazz Operas in Germany

WHILE New York is gasping over the furtive attempts of Deems Taylor and Edna Millay to write 'American Opera' in the form of *The King's Henchman*, Germany has boldly blazed out two new trails of a similar nature, but of far greater significance. The first of these attempts was made in Leipzig, by the composer Ernst Krenek, whose *Orpheus and Eurydice* has led him to be recognized as the leader of the modern German romantics. His latest piece is entitled *Jonny Spielt Auf* — meaning 'Jonny strikes up,' or words to that effect.

The first of the thirteen scenes discovers Max the composer alone on a glacier, meditating. Here he meets the prima donna Anita, who presently leaves for Paris to sing in some of his productions. In the big city she meets Danielo, a violin virtuoso, who pretends to rescue her from the attentions of Jonny, King of the Jazz-Band Negroes, but who really falls in love with her himself — much to the lady's delight. Jonny, however, becomes jealous, steals Danielo's Amati violin, and plays it once over the radio before hiding it in Anita's own banjo case. Max is meanwhile informed of the situation. He too has been keeping company with Anita, but he is so disgusted at what he hears that he carelessly packs her banjo case in his trunk before leaving her for good and all. The police seize him at this point, and Danielo fixes things up with Anita for Max. The two lovers make up and depart for America, but their boat train runs over the careless Danielo. In the end we see Jonny

seated on a revolving globe, — the earth itself, — ecstatically fiddling. The moral of the piece is that young America says: 'The best things of this world are mine. Since the Old World does not know what to do with them any more, I take them along with me.' Jonny symbolizes America. The violin is what he takes.

More convincing than this strained plot are the remarkable settings. Trick films and kaleidoscopic effects are used with great effect, and the scenes themselves — railroad stations, mountain peaks, hotel bedrooms and lobbies — harmonize with the one-steps, Charles-ton, blues, and lyrics provided by the composer. One of the favorite devices of the producer is to show the scene through a giant photographic shutter that folds back gradually as the action continues.

Similar effects are also used in a tragic jazz revue called *Royal Palace*, which was put on in the Berlin State Opera House a few weeks after Jonny made his bow in Leipzig. Here the plot is much simpler — merely a jaded modern woman committing suicide out of sheer boredom. The contemporary milieu provides many opportunities for eccentric settings, in which the background shows Europe while in front jazz is danced. Queer cubic shadows pass across the stage, machines rattle, and lights flash from unexpected quarters. The director of this spectacle is Eric Kleiber, and the decorations are by Araventinos. Kurt Weill, a pupil of Busoni, wrote the music, and the book is by Ivan Goll. The jazz music is described as having been 'ennobled into something so fine in the way of

orchestral chorus and solos that Germany will probably soon be recognized to have embraced whole-heartedly, in a more dignified and refined form, a type of music she had at first appeared to have rejected.' The chief fault found with *Royal Palace* is that jazz and tragedy still seem to be irreconcilable in the popular mind.

Dada Is Dead

THE passing of that peculiar war-time æsthetic cult known as Dadaism is not without its drawbacks. There was a genial air to those assemblies where a man would read aloud from a newspaper while an electric bell rang so loudly as to make his words quite inaudible that was rather a novelty, and even a relief from the usual capers of the eccentric artist. Wieland Herzfelde, the first of the German Dadaists, and the originator of the expression, 'Every man his own football,' contributes an article to *Uhu* in which he relates simply and proudly the origins and purpose of the movement.

Dada received its name from a *chansonnière* in a Zurich cabaret where Herzfelde, together with his friends Tzara, Ball, Janko, and Arp, would gather during the war and discuss the possibilities of some new æsthetic cult that would have more to do with the world they lived in than the critical credos and values current at the time. Although they might, with perfect propriety, have named their movement after any one of themselves, they decided, instead, to honor the little cabaret singer, Mademoiselle Dada.

Their success was instantaneous — 'Dada' was a puzzling word, and its exponents were up to all sorts of queer games. Mr. Herzfelde recalls a Dada masterpiece that consisted chiefly of single words in various-sized type

clipped from newspapers and magazines and laid higgledy-piggledy under a glass case together with such miscellaneous odds and ends as a pocket compass, a shuttlecock, an eye-dropper, one bean, a postage stamp, and a number of variously shaped patent medicine bottles, sieves, and bits of string. It is not surprising that the creators of this new genre should feel themselves the intellectual parents of jazz music. When they substituted rhythm for melody, that was the real 'Birth of the Blues,' no matter what Paul Whiteman may have to say.

Such an anarchical movement as Dada, in which everyone was president, and in which one German 'Ober-Dadaist' announced that he was 'President of the World,' was bound to break up sooner or later. We are therefore, presumably, safe in taking Mr. Herzfelde seriously when he explains the serious intentions of the founders and their gratification at what Dada did for a distraught world. 'We proceeded on the assumption that works of art must be a reflection of their period, and we considered it impossible to write like Goethe in an era of automobiles, flying machines, and moving pictures.' This æsthetic tenet was not, needless to say, original with the founders of the Dada movement, but they did succeed in bringing it sharply before public attention where many others had failed. Mr. Herzfelde wistfully appreciates that Dada's work is done. It was a picnic while it lasted.

At Home with Gandhi

FOR twelve months Mahatma Gandhi withdrew from the world into his *ashram*, or one-room bungalow, six miles from Ahmedabad and ten hours in the train from Bombay. Miss Muriel Lester, an Englishwoman connected with the Children's House at

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Bow, has been spending several weeks with the priest and prophet of Noncooperation, observing, and even participating in, his curious daily routine.

Reveille is sounded in the Gandhi household at four in the morning. At this hour the company assembles for an hour of prayer in a sandy 'praying ground' about the size of a tennis court. Everyone squats on the earth and chants Hindu prayers to the strains of a vina and a zither. Unaccompanied singing follows, and then Gandhi himself reads and expounds portions of the 'Bhagavad-Gita.' At the conclusion of this ceremony breakfast rations, consisting of one piece of toast and a cup of coffee, are served.

Until seven o'clock Gandhi busies himself with private work. He is in correspondence with thousands of people all over the world, and besieged with visitors every day. At seven he celebrates another hour of prayer, chiefly for the benefit of women unable to attend the earlier service. At ten-thirty comes the first real repast of the day — goat's milk, five hard little biscuits of whole meal, and oranges divested of pith and pips. Until four o'clock he works, stopping only for a cup of coffee or hot lemonade at three-thirty. At four comes a half-hour of spinning. This activity is Gandhi's new hobby, and he is urging all his fellow Indians, especially the rich ones, to put in thirty minutes a day weaving cloth, and to instruct others in the art so that in times of unemployment there may be work for idle hands to do. His second and last meal, the exact duplicate of his first, is followed by a swim, after which the prophet is rubbed with oil — and so, at an early hour, to bed.

'Gandhi is not a handsome man,' sighs the wistful Miss Lester. All his teeth were knocked out in Africa by some of his Indian companions because

he was kind to the British. He is thin and wasted; his features bear the marks of his recent imprisonment. Nor does this woebegone appearance belie the inner man — Gandhi lacks the sense of joy that some Christians derive from contact with a personal God. Other people weaker than he have freely made use of him as a sort of spiritual crutch, and he has been long excluded from direct communication with his equals. Thus he feels weighing upon him that sense of loneliness which is the heaviest cross any prophet has to bear.

Exit Stravinski

ERNEST NEWMAN, musical critic on the *Sunday Times*, seldom lets a week slip by without getting in a dig at jazz and the modern composers who take it seriously. Most of us are aware of a difference between the music played by Dr. Muck's orchestra and that furnished by Mr. 'Red' Nichols and 'His Five Pennies.' Mr. Newman, however, goes further. Not only does he hoot at Paul Whiteman; he is even openly disrespectful toward Stravinski, whose curious melodies and rhythms have deafened most of us into uncomprehending silence. 'Stravinski, up to 1914 or so,' says Mr. Newman, 'interested keenly everyone who was on the lookout for possible new developments in music, but during the last ten years at least has steadily lost ground, and is now quite negligible.' This statement is not based solely on Mr. Newman's own research, but on a recent article by Professor Adolf Weissmann on 'The Influence of Schönberg and Stravinski in Germany.'

Europe, like New York, has been giving itself over in recent years to the discovery of new geniuses in odd places. Over here our modern critics quiver

with joy at the sight of Charlie Chaplin's feet or at the sound of Al Jolson's voice begging, in the dialect of the East Side, the indulgence of his Alabama Mammy. In Europe this enthusiasm is reserved for more recendite manifestations, with, perhaps, all the capricious vulgarity of popular art, but without the style and assurance that animate the American movie and musical revue. As Mr. Newman suggests, Stravinski filled the bill admirably for a while, but novelty wears off as the years go by, and this mountain of new musical form has brought forth only a small mouse which uttered a few syncopated squeaks before expiring completely. Such, at least, is Mr. Newman's view, and he is very disappointed in the Herr Professor Weissmann for feeling that 'something may yet come out of all the fuss and flurry and wandering in the wilderness.' Mr. Newman flatly asserts that no great music will be written until a great composer, well schooled in his art, comes along. And his name will not be Stravinski.

An Hungarian Rolland

BARON LAJOS HATVANY, an Hungarian Jew who left his adopted country just after the Communist reign of terror, has embarked on an epical novel dealing with the activities of Hungarian Hebrews. The projected masterpiece, of which only two volumes have so far appeared, will give a somewhat decadent and affected picture of Hungarian society. *Gentlefolk and People*, as the book is entitled, describes the life of a Jewish boy named Zsigismond, whose father says, 'My son must be brought up what he was born — a Jew. My son must make money, much money. He must feel himself a stranger, because it is easier to make money from strangers than from friends.'

This speech does not, however, come at the beginning of the book. Baron Hatvany raises his curtain on Zsigismond's great-grandfather, who wanders into Hungary from Moravia and settles down, tempted by the richness of the land. Zsigismond's father, Hermann, is a financier of the old school. Unlike the modern automobile purchaser, he regarded credit as a form of bankruptcy, and when his son negotiates credit loans that bring prosperity to the country he is flabbergasted.

On the score of length and detail, *Gentlefolk and People* has been compared to *Jean Christophe*. The fact that its hero goes into business rather than art bears out this parallel. Evidently another novelist has applied the Spenglerian theory that artistic work nowadays attracts only the dodo, and that the 'men of the new generation' are taking up more practical pursuits.

Nature Copies Dostoevskii

THE character of Raskolnikov in Dostoevskii's *Crime and Punishment* has found a living counterpart in modern Russia. Slovo Okhotov, a nineteen-year-old student, recently immersed in the same Nietzschean doctrines that are supposed to have been responsible for the sins of Leopold and Loeb, was arguing with his comrades and hotly upholding the right of the individual to ignore ordinary moral standards and scruples.

'Would you even go so far as to kill a human being?' another student asked.

'Certainly,' replied Slovo.

When his friends refused to take him seriously, a sixteen-year-old girl called Zina Zukhova offered herself as a sacrifice, never thinking she would be taken seriously. Not only did Slovo agree to kill the girl, but he also announced that he would drink two

bottles of beer and go to the movies immediately after the murder. His fascinated friends at once arranged the details of the crime. Zina wrote a letter saying that she held no one responsible for her death, and the happy party broke up, having agreed to meet for the murder the next day.

Still treating the matter as a joke, they assembled at the appointed hour, when Slovo astounded them all by arriving with a murderous Finnish knife such as is used by the criminal classes in Russia. Before his friends could stop him, he came up to the girl and plunged the weapon into her heart. Then, true to his word, he consumed his beer and attended the pictures. The next day he surrendered himself to the police. He was sentenced to nine years in prison, since only political crimes are punished by the death penalty, the longest term in all other cases being ten years.

Vienna Made Easy

THE Austro-American Institute of Education has sent us a prospectus describing its scheme for introducing American teachers and travelers to Vienna, and it seems to us so sensible that we should like to pass on the news to our readers. This organization offers a variety of schedules which provide for visits to Vienna ranging from one week to forty-two days. Passage on one-class boats by way of either Germany or France is attended to, and all accommodations in Vienna are included in the very reasonable and absolutely inclusive charge for the entire expedition.

In Vienna instruction in German as well as in history and art is offered, and conducted tours under expert guidance give the traveler a splendid opportunity for intelligent sight-seeing. The summer school and seminary under whose

auspices the enterprise is conducted are open from the eighteenth of July to the twenty-eighth of August, and are not conducted for profit. The Institute of International Education at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will supply complete information to anyone who is interested.

Film Propaganda in France

FEAR of America's film supremacy is proving contagious, and the dread of the intellectual domination of Hollywood that has racked the best minds in the United Kingdom now spreads to the cultural capital of the world. In a recent issue of *Progrès Civique*, a decidedly broad-minded Parisian weekly, M. Claude Blanchard speculates himself into a state of frenzy over American film propaganda in France.

It is not that any upstanding Frenchman is scared of that ridiculous word 'propaganda.' As M. Blanchard blushing admits: 'The French esteem themselves highly. They have always considered themselves to be a people born under a happy star, and they admit that their intelligence has made them worthy of universal emulation and envy. That is perhaps why, when we hear the word "propaganda" mentioned in our country, we affect the care-free attitude of people who have no need for this type of so-called diplomacy to gain the admiration of others. "We are our own propaganda," many of us reflect with a self-sufficient air.'

But the movies have started M. Blanchard wondering. 'If we conduct our propaganda badly in other countries, foreigners conduct theirs with marvelous skill in ours.' Without going into technicalities, M. Blanchard merely wishes to confine himself to showing how insidiously American films are corrupting the psychology of

the entire world. Hollywood, he admits, turns out some splendid stuff — if only it were n't chock-full of Americanism.

Needless to say, 'The Big Parade' is his chief talking point. To the plot M. Blanchard has no objection, but the moral, which he reads as 'America Won the War,' offends him deeply. He imagines ignorant movie-goers in other countries giving all the credit for Germany's defeat to the United States because the experiences of a small group of Americans in France are not continually interrupted by close-ups of 'Papa' Joffre. 'Is it,' demands M. Blanchard, 'thanks to the Americans that the Champs Élysées is not a part of the Unter den Linden?' Ludicrous.

The situation created by this picture may well complicate the debt settlement unless Frenchmen get to work and show the world that they are not purely comic figures, and that their countryside is beautiful. This sounds splendid. But when M. Blanchard finally exclaims, 'It is up to us to show them the purity of our morals,' we become skeptical. From a box-office standpoint, the scheme is hopeless.

Stork versus Lion

WHILE a troupe of fourteen trained lions were exhibiting their tricks the other day before a delighted German audience in Elberfeld, the show was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a tame stork in the arena. The bird had evidently been nursing a grudge against the largest of the beasts, for, instead of registering terror, it promptly attacked the king of the jungle with beak and wing. The animal retreated before the onslaught dumfounded, slinking away to a corner of the inner cage with his tail between

his legs. The triumphant stork then turned his attention to the rest of the pack, who showed no more spunk than their frightened comrade. They too fled before the assailant, upsetting their equipment as they did so. Soon the other thirteen lions had also sought the safety of the inner cage, where the stork did not deign to penetrate. Left in solitary possession of the field, the stork poised himself derisively on one leg, looked about him with an air of triumph, and proclaimed his satisfaction by a violent flapping of the wings.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner Replies

SHORTLY after the Conservative *Empire Review* published 'Scrutator's' article, 'The Impertinence of Mr. A. G. Gardiner,' which was reprinted in the March 1 *Living Age*, the following letter arrived in the *Empire Review's* editorial office: —

SIR, —

It would ill become a writer who has spent so much of his time in the criticism of public men to complain of criticism of himself; but, while disclaiming any resentment, you will perhaps permit me to make two comments on Scrutator's article in your last number on 'The Impertinence of Mr. A. G. Gardiner.'

The flattering researches of my unknown critic into my past reveal the not entirely obscure fact that in the years preceding the war I exercised whatever influence I possessed to prevent what I believed would be a calamity to the world. If Scrutator regards that as a shameful fact, I shall not controvert his opinion.

The second comment is that, whatever the fairness or unfairness of my estimates of Lord Birkenhead and other public personalities I have discussed may be, they have always been under my own name.

Yours sincerely,

A. G. GARDINER

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

WOMEN should never be taken seriously, for they are rarely serious. — *Benito Mussolini*

There is a question propounded to me on the windows of omnibuses and on the printed sheets thrust into my hand by very poor men, hired to distribute such things. It is put in these terms: 'Are you prepared to meet your God?' The answer is simple — 'No.' — *Hilaire Belloc*

One Australian or one New Zealander is worth to us in the matter of trade as much as a dozen Frenchmen, two dozen Germans or Americans, one hundred Chinese, and three hundred to four hundred Russians.

— *L. S. Amery, Secretary for the Dominions*

A manipulative surgeon will be present at the Albert Hall on Wednesday during the Charleston Ball to attend any dancers who injure their knees while dancing the new dance.

He is Mr. Wilfred Smith, and he has been engaged by Mr. Cochran.

'In my opinion,' Mr. Smith said, 'there are likely to be accidents. There is a terrific strain on the knees which very often leads to the cartilage being put out.' — *Westminster Gazette*

The Englishman is the most incurably sentimental animal in the world. — *Stanley Baldwin*

Stresemann was observed Tuesday at Monte Carlo changing some gold marks for franc counters. Luck smiled on him — three times he bet on eleven and won.

'Is that your favorite number?' one of the players asked him.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Stresemann; 'eleven is the date of the Armistice.' — *Cyrano*

Mr. Churchill in his book, from which extracts have been appearing in the *Times*, makes great play with the striking of eleven o'clock on November 11. A letter to the *Times* follows from a correspondent who points out that Big Ben in sober fact never struck eleven o'clock that day at all — it had been stopped for many months for

war purposes, and could not be put in motion again in time for the great event. Mr. Churchill will have widespread sympathy, at all events in Fleet Street. There, but for the grace of God, goes any journalist. — *Saturday Review*

Albert-Robert Moutrez, diplomaed poet in business twenty-nine years, writes poems for marriages, baptisms, societies, reunions, celebrations, and so forth. Time of delivery, one week.

PRICE LIST

Sonnet	25 francs
Ballad of thirty lines	40 francs
Rondeau	25 francs
Acrostic	50 francs

All poems guaranteed to be original and of value. — *L'Opinion*

Jellicoe was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon.

— *Winston Churchill*

Manchester is probably the most horrid city in the world. — *Sir Hamilton Harty*

There are in Great Britain fifty thousand people whose livelihood depends entirely on our trade with China. — *Sir L. Worthington Evans*

It is not the purpose of the Government, and never has been, to engage in any war with China.

— *Lord Birkenhead*

The 'Locarno Spirit' may come and go; the League of Nations may issue protocols as beautiful, and misty, as the Lake of Geneva in a snowstorm; diplomatists and statesmen may 'negotiate, negotiate, negotiate'; but there is a solid satisfaction about the Navy, a feeling of money well spent on a sound investment, which is grateful to the heart and consoling to the pocket of every true Briton. — *Morning Post*

There are no secrets in British foreign policy.

— *Sir Austen Chamberlain*

BUSINESS ABROAD

AMONG evidences that Europe has turned the corner financially is the fact that both France and Belgium have apparently found enough capital in Holland and Switzerland to cover their immediate requirements, and that the borrowings of Central Europe are slackening or have come to a complete pause. Even the Rumanian *leu* has appreciated by more than ten per cent since the beginning of the year, and the Government has been able to pay off some of its important foreign creditors with long-term bonds. Europe is rapidly getting back to a gold basis. Nevertheless, 54.3 per cent of the assets of the Bank of England consist of a credit against the Government represented by unsecured currency notes. Similar figures for Belgium are but 20.3, and for Austria 19.7, per cent, and, according to an estimate in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, only thirty-nine per cent of the assets of the Bank of France consist of similar unsecured credits against the Government. These figures are cited, not as disturbing, but as indicating that even a considerable 'inflation residue' need not stand in the way of a successful return to gold.

Attention has been attracted to an able survey of business conditions in Europe and America contained in an address by Mr. Helderling, President of the Amsterdam Chamber of Commerce, to that body. The burden of his speech was that Europe's present tariff barriers must be removed or lowered before prosperity will smile upon the Continent. Happily, in his opinion, sentiment is moving rapidly in that direction. Latvia and Esthonia have abolished their tariff walls, and, while revenue tariffs may continue, prohibitive duties are going out of fashion. He thought that our insistence upon the repayment of war debts, accompanied by the maintenance of high tariffs against European goods, was encouraging the idea of a European customs union, and predicted that many of our industrial loans to Germany will prove bad debts. He did not expect our country to abandon protectionism in the near future, but believed our retention of this policy would compel us sooner or later to cancel Europe's war indebtedness to us. On the whole his impression of the future was optimistic. 'The struggle against the economic obstructions which block the way to real peace and prosperity is achieving results. In some leading countries the desire for an open-door policy gains ground in spite of the actions of governments and the

selfish aspirations of particular groups. An unwise Peace Treaty has lengthened the tariff frontiers of Europe by many thousands of kilometres, and it has proved impossible for certain of the new countries to breathe freely within their allotted frontiers. This question has compelled the serious attention of the League of Nations. The Agenda for the Economic Conference to be held in Geneva in May is already overburdened. Nevertheless, I believe that, now the stone has been set rolling, it will continue to roll.' Professor Eugene Grossmann, a Zurich economist, has drafted a memorandum for the League Conference discussing four principal measures for facilitating foreign trade, commercial treaties, preferential tariffs, customs unions, and international trusts. In discussing customs unions, he points out that it took fifteen years to complete the German *Zollverein*, although at that time free-trade theories were popular, the ideal of national unity predisposed the German States to closer association, and local parliaments, with their party rivalries and irrelevant discussions, had little influence upon such legislation. We must therefore infer that it will be a long and tedious task to-day to bring Central Europe to a similar arrangement. Commercial treaties, however, lead in the same direction. One hundred and eighty such agreements have been concluded during the last six years, but as only twenty-seven of them run for more than twelve months they do not afford a stable basis for export business. *L'Indépendance Belge* devotes a leading article to an argument in favor of an economic union of France, Belgium, and Luxemburg, which, it says, 'is acquiring adherents more rapidly than anyone could have believed or hoped.' Even the liberal press of Germany sympathizes with the project. 'In all circles we find thoughtful people coming to the conclusion that if Belgium is to prosper and to support her present population in comfort she must break through the wall of protective tariffs that encompasses her.' Like almost every favorable discussion of this subject, this one concludes with an allusion to American prosperity as proof of the benefits of free trade throughout a wide market area.

The Colwyn Committee's Finance Report still occupies the British press. One of its most notable pronouncements is that high taxes are not strangling industry. To quote the *New Statesman*, the Committee 'points out, unanswerably, that only in a small minority of cases can

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a form of taxation levied on profits affect the level of prices. Such taxation certainly does not

*The
Colwyn
Report*

enable the consumer to pay more, and there is no reason for supposing that it enables the producer to charge more. It does not enter in the costs

of production, for it does not fall, like local rates, on all producers, but only on those who make profits, or, rather, only on the individuals to whom these profits belong, and directly on such profits as are retained for the building-up of reserves. It cannot, therefore, enable producers to charge any price which they could not have charged if the tax had not existed. Directly, then, an income tax, however high, does not enter in prices, and a fall in the rate of taxes will not affect prices or ability to compete.' Among the conclusions of the Committee on Industry and Trade, whose third volume we mentioned in our last issue, is one of considerable importance that escaped our attention at the time. This is to the effect that industrial profits in Great Britain declined from ten and one-half per cent on total capital employed in 1913-14 to nine and one-half per cent in 1925-26, and that the average percentage of profits to turnover in industries selected for sample analysis fell from 5.8 per cent in 1912-13 to 5.43 per cent in 1922-23, the last year for which data were available.

The British Industries Fair, which opened late in February at Shepherd's Bush, London,

*British
Industrial
Conditions*

and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, is reported to have been a success. The number of orders

booked indicated that a trade revival has really begun. According to the enthusiastic *Westminster Gazette*, never before in its twelve years' history was 'such an amazing business done as during the first week,' orders to the value of well over thirty million dollars having been placed — an amount equal to a fortnight's business in 1926. Among articles in good demand, where British competition is of especial interest to Americans, were safety razor blades and light metal goods. Typewriters to the value of one and one-quarter million dollars were sold. Fifteen hundred foreign buyers were present, many of whom were from the United States. Especially notable were the large sales of toys and sporting goods for export. Among other cheering notes from England is the report of its largest insurance company, the Prudential, which passed through last year's depression with flying colors. It has more than doubled its new business since 1913, and has within the past five years reduced its expense ratio from 13.6 to 11 per cent. The net rate of interest earned on the company's total investments, which approach one billion dollars, slightly exceeded

five per cent. British railways, like those of the United States, are feeling keenly the competition of the motor bus and the private automobile. The total number of railway passenger journeys, excluding season-ticket holders, made in that country has decreased by more than seven per cent within a year, and passenger receipts have declined five per cent. Naturally, the roads also experienced a decrease of freight tonnage and income due to the coal strike, but the latter calamity is not held responsible for the falling off in passengers. Among England's industrial scandals, comparable with the huge losses reported by British Controlled Oilfields mentioned in a recent issue, is a disastrous report of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., which registers losses of more than twenty-seven million dollars to investors and recommends that the common stock be reduced from three million, five hundred thousand pounds to one million, six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. The accountants do not mince words in their statement of the Corporation's condition, which reveals 'a lamentable record of financial and commercial incompetence, of failure after failure, and of risking of the shareholders' money in highly speculative ventures which in many cases were quite outside what was generally understood to be the objects of the Company.' When we parallel this situation with that disclosed in the affairs of Armstrong-Whitworth and the Vickers corporations, — which, by the way, are now reported to have established a working alliance, — we are led to wonder whether British corporation charters do not permit rather wide divagations into business fields alien to the original purposes of a company.

In France the principal theme of business discussion at the moment is the new tariff bill, which is designed to encourage an excess of exports over imports, contrary to the ordinary course of the country's trade before the war, and in defiance of the new situation created by the recovery of the franc. Among other novelties, the law provides that duties may be paid in paper francs instead of in gold as heretofore; and it establishes minimum and maximum rates — the latter averaging three times the former — which give a big trading margin for commercial agreements with other countries. Clauses providing that French produce and manufactures shall be admitted free of duty to the dependencies, and that raw materials from the dependencies shall be admitted free of duty to France, extending to all her possessions except the mandate territories privileges that have hitherto been confined to Indo-China, Madagascar, and her West Indian islands, emphasize the Government's determination to make the Republic and its colonies a self-supporting economic

unit. Finally, the new tariff registers France's entry into the ranks of great industrial nations since the war. It contains 1750 heads, each embracing from five to ten or more subheads, as compared with 654 heads and a smaller relative number of subheads in the previous law. Ad valorem duties have been increased in both number and importance. The Cabinet is showing some concern over the failure of retail prices to adapt themselves to the exchange rate. Between last July, when the franc was at its lowest, and the end of January the index figure for wholesale prices dropped from 854 to 635, whereas the figure for retail trade declined only from 574 to 529. Exporting industries cannot compete abroad until wages are reduced, but wages cannot be reduced until retail prices are considerably lower than they are at present.

Overtures are reported by the large porcelain manufacturers of Czechoslovakia, where the business is already organized on a cartel basis, to the manufacturers of Germany, looking toward the establishment of a pool with output quotas, fixed prices, and perhaps a common selling agency. The promoters are likely to encounter difficulties, however, especially in Germany, where there are many small establishments engaged in this business, some of which specialize in particular wares. Our papers have already published rumors of a proposed international amalgamation of electrical engineering firms. These reports were apparently initiated in Germany, which is America's greatest competitor in this field. This business is already largely monopolized in that country by the A. E. G., or General Electric, which has a working understanding with the General Electric Company of the United States, and by the two great Siemens firms, Siemens-Halske and Siemens-Schückert. The former is capitalized at the equivalent of over thirty-four million dollars in American currency, and the latter two at an aggregate of between thirty-seven and thirty-eight million dollars. Plans for combining these three companies are said to be definitely under consideration, and this has naturally suggested an international cartel as the next logical step in an industry which so conspicuously has all the world for its market. These enterprises suffered less than most great industries in Germany from the recent depression. The General Electric was able to keep employed to seventy-five per cent of its capacity. Its deliveries of steam turbines, turbogenerators, and similar machinery more than doubled between 1924 and 1926. Among the new deliveries were alternating-current express locomotives capable of making one hundred and ten kilometres an hour. In the annual report of this company the chairman

points out that the great diversity of its products presents an obstacle to monopolistic combinations which can only partially be overcome by rigid standardization. His reference to Russia will interest our readers: 'Our business with the Soviet Government during the last eight years has given satisfactory results. Such dealings are difficult, but the Russian authorities have acted honorably and conscientiously, especially in respect to meeting their payments promptly. We could sell a much larger quantity of material there if we could secure credits from America or England for that purpose. For the time being that is out of the question. German business men cannot risk borrowing money from America to finance sales to Russia if they are forced to assume one hundred per cent risk for repayment.' The Siemens concerns report such large economies through standardization and 'rationalization' in general that their earnings are larger than they were in 1925, notwithstanding higher wages and larger allotments for social welfare purposes. Output has been kept up to its former level with a large decrease in the force of employees, which in turn has resulted in an economy of space. 'We are no longer troubled by overcrowded shops.' Prices have also been lowered. One notable feature in the reports of these corporations and of several other large German enterprises is the marked increase in liquid funds which they exhibit. An odd situation exists in the potash industry, where an international pool is working quite satisfactorily, but the German members are said to be fighting among themselves for control of their nation's share of the business. Two of the largest groups of producers have recently been brought together, — it is reported, through outside financial influences, — although their leaders are not in harmony. Incidentally, the following quotation from an article by a potash expert in *Vossische Zeitung* is significant: 'So far as nitrogen is employed in agriculture, its producers are dependent upon potash. Every hundredweight of fixed nitrogen used on the soil demands, according to the quality of that soil, a larger or smaller intermixture of potash. . . . All nitrogen producers in the world, therefore, must sooner or later come to terms with the German-French potash monopoly. An alliance of these producers with that monopoly means that the latter will exercise unlimited control over the agricultural production of the whole globe.'

Opposition to State subsidies to private industries is growing stronger in Germany. One of the latest applicants for aid from the public purse is the film business, which would like a direct subvention from the Treasury, but would content itself with the removal of the theatre tax and a grant of export credits. One third of

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the revenues of Germany's movie theatres now goes to the authorities, — either national or local, — which show no disposition to relinquish this source of revenue. Neither does the demand for an export subsidy receive a welcome hearing, as it is thought illogical to return to an industry with one hand the money which is collected from it with the other. Bitter feuds divide producers in Germany, and rumors are current that important banking and newspaper interests financially interested in the Ufa, or the biggest film corporation in the country, are behind the present campaign for State subventions. Another petitioner for public aid is the Mologa Timber Company, which wants between six and seven million dollars from the Government to enable it to carry on its Russian concession north of Moscow. This enterprise originally intended to export timber from Russia, but, since prices in that country were higher than abroad, has been limited to supplying the domestic market. Labor troubles, lack of capital, red tape, and inadequate transportation facilities have also stood in the way of the Company's success. To quote an economic writer in *Vossische Zeitung*, 'German concessions in Russia have not up to the present reclined on a bed of roses.' Dr. Heinrich Koehler, Marx's Minister of Finance, who is a Bavarian, proves something of a kill-joy to those who anticipate a speedy revival in Germany. He recently declared in a public interview that although some branches of trade are improving and a few companies are making big profits, the cost of supporting nearly two million unemployed and paying heavy Reparations presses too heavily upon the country to permit economic recovery. In fact, doubts as to Germany's ability to meet the heavier Dawes payments demanded the coming year are expressed in many quarters. On the other hand, a financial writer in the *Berliner Tageblatt* draws the comforting conclusion from an analysis of the proceeds of the sales tax and the transportation tax that Germany's business turnover increased between six and seven per cent last year. A scarcity of capital for industrial purposes is still suggested by the fact that interest on mortgages and bonds is ordinarily higher than dividend rates based upon stocks at par. The balance sheets of German corporations for the last three months indicate that more than three-fourths of them operated at a profit, and that their average earnings were seven per cent upon their capital. About one half of this sum was distributed in dividends, the remainder being transferred to betterments and depreciation. The great Vereinigte Stahlwerke, corresponding to our United States Steel Corporation, recently declared three-per-cent dividends for the first half-year of its organization, in addition to mak-

ing allotments for plant extensions and improvements and writing off over eight million dollars for depreciation.

Moscow has entrusted Commissar Kuibyshev, a man who has distinguished himself by a knack for organization, with the tidy job of 'rationalizing' Russian industry, and that gentleman has issued a manifesto ordering the nation's manufacturing enterprises to increase their output by at least one fifth. Simultaneously Commissar Joffe has come out with a new boost for the Soviet Government's concessions policy, intended to reassure doubting foreigners as to the profit and security of investments in Russia. German exporters are flooding the country with elaborate illustrated catalogues in the Russian language, and are even sending samples of their goods to Moscow, with the result that they have worked up a considerable trade in that country. Czechoslovakia was not prosperous during 1926. The fall in international sugar and cotton prices was severely felt, and a shrinkage of well toward one third occurred in the beet-sugar crop. Notwithstanding this, the trade balance was favorable, exports exceeding imports by more than two and one-half million crowns, and the public debt was reduced.

Real wages in Austria are somewhat higher than before the war, the increase measured by purchasing power ranging from ten to twenty-five per cent. Nevertheless, a Vienna worker can buy with his weekly earnings only about one half as much as can a worker in a corresponding trade in London. Roughly, Europe is divided into two wage areas, Austria and the other Succession States, Italy, Spain, and Portugal having a decidedly lower rate of payment than prevails in the countries to the north of them. In Italy, as in France, retail prices have not declined to correspond with the rising value of the lira in foreign exchange. Italian wages, as we have previously reported in this department, are exceedingly low, even according to South European standards. For example, a bricklayer earns one hundred and ninety-two lire a week, which at current exchange is not much more than a dollar a day. Wages are correspondingly low in the other building trades. This failure of the cost of living to adjust itself to the value of the lira has stimulated interest in the coöperative societies, which have tried to give their members the advantage of the more marked decline in wholesale prices. Food commissions have also been set up in some cities, notably Milan, to control the price of articles of first necessity. These boards do not work by edict, but are authorized to bid at regular intervals for large quantities of staple provisions, which they resell to families at cost. At present the dollar stands

at about the level it held when the Fascisti marched into Rome, a figure which represents a marked recovery of the lira from the low point of the intervening depression. Italy's war debts to both England and the United States have been adjusted, and the Budget shows a slight surplus — though this has since been expended on national defense and public works; but the unfavorable balance of trade continues. Business men fear that the Government's deflation policy is doomed to fail because it cannot become effective unless wages are lowered prior to a decline in the cost of living, a step that Mussolini refuses to contemplate. Moreover, Italy's industries have probably expanded beyond stable limits, and contraction may be necessary.

During 1926 the Government railways of Japan made a profit of two hundred and twenty million yen, or one hundred and ten million dollars, or approximately 8.8 per cent upon the total investment. Wholesale prices in the thirteen larger cities of Japan fell about eleven per cent during the year. Although Japan has a diminutive iron and steel industry compared with that of most industrial nations, representatives of the State Iron Works and ten private mills have reached an agreement limiting and allotting output for the coming year. This, it is rumored, will be followed by the formation of a cartel by the private companies, whose aggregate product for 1927 is fixed at two hundred thousand tons.

Now that the censorship which prevailed during the state of siege under the old adminis-

tration has been lifted somewhat, the Brazilian press betrays vehement indignation at the suppression of the facts as to the true state of the country, especially in respect to its finances, by the late

Government. One of the more conservative Rio reviews exclaims: 'We never surmised for one moment that a government could have deceived the country to the extent ours did throughout the year 1926. On the surface, aided by systematic official whitewashing of the financial edifice, the country appeared to be recovering from years of crisis and to be on the road to prosperity. Never did we suspect that behind this curtain there was a picture of a tragedy that would shock the country when unveiled.' In substance, the true facts as to the state of the national Treasury were so distorted that when President Washington Luiz was installed, on November 15, the floating debt was officially announced to be less than five million dollars, when it was in fact fully three times that amount. The nitrate situation in Chile is most unfavorable, and out of some one hundred and fifty-four *oficinas* affiliated with the Association of Nitrate Producers only about twenty are working. Thousands of unemployed from the mining districts have flocked back to the southern provinces, where they are finding employment in the harvest fields. Some idea of the fluctuation of agricultural prices in South America may be conveyed by the fact that potatoes, which last year commanded seventy pesos a sack for a time, have dropped this season to as low as five pesos, and are now selling for eight pesos a sack in carload lots.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Byzantine Portraits, by Charles Diehl. Translated by Harold Bell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$5.00.

THESE Byzantine Portraits remind one of early mosaics, representing, as they do, some of the same subjects. They are perforce made up of broken bits of information and tradition, glittering fragments of contemporary gossip, and shining scraps of recently excavated truths. As the Eastern Empire was frequently ruled by women, feminism seems quite as rampant before the tenth as during the twentieth century, and the history of a basiliissa is often no less teeming with lurid incident than that of a basileus.

Charles Diehl, Professor of Byzantine History in the Sorbonne, and at the moment Exchange Professor at Harvard, pieces his portraits together with mastery and picturesqueness. Often the story of love and adventure, of the power of magic spell and of the triumphs of Beauty, reminds us of an old fairy tale—but, alas, the heroes and heroines of this real kingdom seldom 'live happily ever after.' Battle, murder, and sudden death are generally the portion of the rulers of this exotic Empire. Professor Diehl humanizes and vitalizes a subject that might easily seem dry or hard, and his mosaics glitter and glow with freshness and life. He even enables the ignorant reader to differentiate between Theodora, Theoctista, and Theophano, while Theodore, Theophilus, and Theodosius no longer merge their individualities in a composite photograph reflecting little godliness beyond what is furnished by their names. We owe the author and translator a debt of gratitude for exhibiting to us a gallery, not of mummies, but of living men and women.

Variety, by Paul Valéry. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927. \$3.00.

THIS Valéry, successor to Anatole France in the French Academy, is emphatically a man to know. For his poems we must turn to the original French, but for his philosophy—his 'message'—this collection of essays serves splendidly. The subjects touched upon are varied,—Leonardo, Poe, La Fontaine, Proust, modern poetry, the spirit of contemporary Europe,—and they are all interpreted by a sensitive, original, and subtle mind, essentially French, though not of

the pre-war France of Jeanne d'Arc and after-dinner speeches. 'We are a very unfortunate generation,' says the author, 'whose lot has been to see the moment of our passage through life coincide with the arrival of great and terrifying events, the echo of which will resound through all our lives.' Yet the very essay in which this statement appears is one of the finest justifications of the European spirit that has been written in recent years. M. Valéry is at his best on the intellectual problems of the hour, and even his historical papers are impregnated with the analytical spirit of our times. His chief fault is that he overindulges this Gallic love of mental gymnastics, and spins an occasionally commonplace theory into a deceptively tenuous web. Great credit goes to Mr. Cowley as translator, for he has succeeded in turning very difficult French prose into readable English, and at the same time has introduced us to one of our most significant contemporaries.

Rhapsody, by Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1927. \$1.50.

LITERATURE and life have conspired to present us with plenty of pictures of dissatisfied married couples fighting their way through the thirties and forties. In the United States, it seems, the tortures of these unfortunates are slow and laborious. They order such things differently in Vienna. When Fridolin and Albertina discovered that they were beginning to grate on each other's nerves, they immediately had a 'True-Talk,' which sent the angry husband out in the street at night looking for trouble. Vienna, being what it is, offered him a variety of amorous experience, but he turned down one opportunity after another until he finally succeeded in crashing the gates of a midnight revel that made the 'Quat' Zarts' in Paris look like a barn dance. From this party he was lucky to be forcibly ejected alive, and he hurried home, only to find his wife had been deceiving him in her dream life. Being a good Austrian doctor, he knew that dreams are rather more important than reality, so he tried to get back at her the next night by following up some of the openings he had neglected the night before. Failing at every turn, he came back to Albertina a second time, and they consoled each other into facing the New Day with a smile. If this absurd tale has any saving grace, it lies in the skill with which Schnitzler tells it, for once the

book is picked up it is not easily laid down until completed.

Joykin, by Michael Arabian. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. \$2.00.

JOAN BROOKE—or Joykin, as the wistfully whimsical hero calls her—lived for six years with a complete rotter. This daring behavior at once establishes her as modern in the very best sense of the word, and the fact that it took her a bare six years of intimate association to see through a transparent cad with 'lancetlike penetration' proves that she was nobody's fool. Neither Joykin nor Peter Ardleigh, who appears to her, though not to the reader, as the flower of British chivalry, ever comes to life; the one real character in the book is the bounder, Bobby Challis, and he is on the scene rather less than half the time. Mr. Arabian is evidently trying to duplicate the success of his fellow Armenian, Mr. Arlen, but one gathers that he has not picked up such toney acquaintances, for this novel lacks even the cheap glitter of *The Green Hat*. Mr. Arabian comes, indeed, a good deal closer to our own peerless gentleman-novelist, Ernest Hemingway. To be sure, the atmosphere of *Joykin* is less monotonously alcoholic than that of *The Sun Also Rises*, but it is almost as readable, and should appeal to the same type of audience.

Panouille, by Thierry Sandre. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, 1926.

A READABLE short novel on a timely subject—the making of a country fellow, a soldier of simple soul and heavy brains, into a tool of party propaganda and political agitation; the perfect disregard of human happiness and human rights by those who profess it their task to look after these things. One may gather that *Panouille* is intended to show us the evils of parliamentary régime in France; and the author's bias is noticeable. But he writes in the manner of an honest

and straightforward army man, and the result is a human story that has more than one touching aspect.

Words to the Deaf, by Guglielmo Ferrero.

Translated by Ben Ray Redman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1926. \$2.00.

If Signor Ferrero did not intend to say any more on his thwarted American lecture tour than he has in this collection of essays, it is hard to see why he was refused a passport. The pieces in this book originally appeared in *L'Illustration*, and are therefore not calculated to give offense—indeed, they sound a good deal like our own Dr. Frank Crane. The titles are pleasingly vague, and the subjects purely general. One essay is devoted to the daring task of proving that the nineteenth century extended from Waterloo to the Marne, and not, as one might suppose, from 1801 to 1900. The author also cites Cicero and Saint Matthew as examples of polish and force, respectively, permitting himself to add that our exigent generation demands both qualities of its writers, and is therefore doomed to perpetual disappointment. Signor Ferrero is an adroit dealer in the numerous 'isms' of the day. To the type of mind that fattens on superbly sweeping statements this readable little book will prove a healthy diet.

Store of Ladies, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$2.50.

THE infatuation of a rich and aging English widow with a handsome young prize fighter is the subject of this toothsome tale. An author ten times as gifted as Mr. Golding—and half as clever as the perpetrators of that ribald play, *Cradle Snatchers*—might have succeeded in making a farce out of this disgusting situation. Mr. Golding fails dismally. His prose is heavy and affected, his dialogue flat and unnatural. The book is a complete waste of time.

BOOKS ABROAD

Revolt in the Desert, by 'T. E. Lawrence.' London: Jonathan Cape; New York: George H. Doran Company, 1927. \$3.00.

[Edward Shanks in the *Saturday Review*]

MR. LAWRENCE'S narrative of his singular war adventure with the Arabs, which has the shapeliness and force of a great novel without ceasing to be a lucid and informative account of events, closes with this remarkable passage:—

Later I was sitting alone in my room, working and thinking out as firm a way as the turbulent memories of the day allowed, when the Muedhdhins began to send their call of last prayer through the moist night over the illuminations of the feasting city. One, with a ringing voice of special sweetness, cried into my window from a near mosque. I found myself involuntarily distinguishing his words: 'God alone is great: I testify there are no gods, but God: and Mohammed his Prophet. Come to prayer: come to security. God alone is great: there is no god — but God.'

At the close he dropped his voice two tones, almost to speaking level, and softly added: 'And he is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus.' The clamor hushed as everyone seemed to obey the call to prayer on this their first night of perfect freedom.

And what, one cannot help asking, do the people of Damascus, still licking the wounds inflicted on their city by Sarraïl's guns — what do they think of it all now?

The passionate tone in Mr. Lawrence's story is supplied by a sort of tragic foreknowledge, hardly ever stated but often implied, that no better end than this might be expected for the wild adventure. It was an adventure on which he had no wish to embark. He went to Arabia first to report on the situation, and particularly to discover, if possible, someone among the leaders of the revolt who seemed to promise achievements in return for British support. This man he found in Feisal, and so enthusiastically did he report that his view was adopted and he was told to go back and carry it out. He objected. He urged his unfitness, his hatred of responsibility; but to no purpose. 'So I had to go,' he says, 'leaving to others the Arab Bulletin I had founded, the maps I wished to draw, and

the file of the war changes of the Turkish Army, all fascinating activities in which my training helped me; to take up a rôle for which I felt no inclination.'

Thus it began, an episode as remarkable in itself for its singularity as for its service to the Allies in the war against Turkey. The combination of romantic exploits and practical usefulness is perhaps unexpected enough. What is really strange is that the prime mover of the affair should have been also a witness capable of becoming its historian, and something more. We have produced adventurers before. Burton went into odd places and did odd things; but Burton unfortunately could not write. The pen was familiar enough in his hand, but a man who took no interest in, say, the customs of the Moslems for their own sake would find it hard to read more than a few pages by him without exclaiming at the use he made of it. Perhaps the original Rajah Brooke of Sarawak did as queer a thing as any Englishman has ever done, but he did not even think himself an author. The one parallel to Mr. Lawrence is to be found in Doughty, to whom indeed he owes something in style, as well as in knowledge.

The historian of the affair, I have said, and something more. I am not familiar with the unabridged work from which the present volume has been hewn, but I once had in my hands, for ten minutes or so, one of the six copies printed on a newspaper press in Oxford to which Mr. Lawrence refers in his foreword, and turned over a few of the pages. From my recollections of that casual glance I should judge that it is the 'something more' which has suffered most from the work of abridgment. But it is discernible here none the less. Mr. Lawrence has the gift of expressing his own peculiar nature without the appearance of either naïveté or cunning, and this expression runs on like an undercurrent all through, so that one is not surprised when it breaks through the narrative into the oddest self-revelations, such as this:—

Poor Arabs wondered why I had no mare; and I forebore to puzzle them by incomprehensible talk of hardening myself, or confess I would rather walk than ride for sparing of animals: yet the first was true and the second true. Something hurtful to my pride, disagree-

able, rose at the sight of these lower forms of life. Their existence struck a servile reflection upon our human kind: the style in which a God would look on us; and to make use of them, to lie under an avoidable obligation to them, seemed to me shameful. It was as with the negroes, tom-tom playing themselves to red madness each night under the ridge. Their faces, being clearly different from our own, were tolerable; but it hurt that they should possess exact counterparts of all our bodies.

No mere man of action could have written that. And indeed at times one has an impression of Lawrence the poet, thinker, self-confessor, following, and detachedly observing, Lawrence the desert raider on one of his wild forced marches.

The poet enabled the raids to be recorded, but the raider gave him material enough to satisfy any poet's appetite. One might, to be sure, venture a criticism on the style, which becomes here and there affectedly abrupt and strenuous — as 'when we were nearer, the bank put up a fencing of sharp spikes along its edge.' But for the most part the style is well-muscled without affectation, and conveys the necessary pictures with beautiful clearness. The scenes through which the raider took the poet cannot even be summarized here, but they are of matchless variety and fascination. No romance could beat the wonderful finale in which Mr. Lawrence, reaching Damascus, found that his former treacherous ally, the Algerian exile, Abd el Kader, had seized power from Feisal's committee. Relying on his bodyguard and the Rualla, he appointed a new Government, whereupon Abd el Kader sprang at him with a dagger and was prevented only by Auda. Auda too is the centre of one scene of romance. In the last days of following up the Turkish retreat, they reached a village where the Turks had massacred women and children in passing. Tallal 'gave one moan like a hurt animal,' then rode after the enemy, to be shot down within a few lengths of them. 'God give him mercy,' Auda said, 'we will take his price,' and, Mr. Lawrence adds, 'by my order we took no prisoners, for the only time in our war.'

These are some of the high points of the story. It is not possible here to give an adequate notion of the whole texture of it, of the long marches through hot deserts and cold, through mirage and snowstorm, over sand and rock, of the meetings in the wilderness, the councils, the feasting, and the battles. It can only be said that the greatest individual adventure in the war has reached the almost incredible climax of a book that is worthy of it.

The British Public and the General Strike, by Kingsley Martin. London: The Hogarth Press, 1927. 3s. 6d.

The General Strike: Its Origin and History, by R. Page Arnot. London: Labor Research Department, 1927. 2s.

The Worker's History of the Great Strike, by R. W. Postgate, Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and J. F. Horrabin. London: Plebs League, 1927. 1s.

[*New Statesman*]

THE above are only three out of the plentiful crop of books which last year's General Strike has already produced. The curious fact about so much writing is that its subject-matter is so different. Each writer tackles the strike from his own angle of vision, and not only sees the facts differently, but also sees different facts. Sir John Simon, in his book, wrote, 'not as a lawyer' (so he told us himself, and some would put it far more strongly), of the legal aspects of the strike. Mr. George Glasgow described the official strike-breaking organization, and emphasized the effect of the growth of road transport on the strike policy in general. Mr. Émile Burns described in detail the progress of the strike in a large number of localities. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe purported to reveal strike secrets 'from the inside,' but in fact only told us how it felt inside the *Daily Herald* — temporarily the *British Worker* — office. And now we have three more books, all concerned with different aspects of the great affair.

Of these books, Mr. Martin's alone attempts to be literature. It is exceptionally well written, full of good phrases and telling points at the expense of the Government and the great British public. It hardly attempts to dig beneath the surface, and much of it is a mere account of casual phenomena. Mr. Martin is apt to attach too much importance to quotations from the *Daily Mail* or the *British Gazette*, and to score small points on a really big subject. But his opening survey is excellent, and he demolishes very thoroughly the idea that the Trades-Union Congress was engaged in an 'attack on the Constitution,' or had any other idea in view than a peaceful strike in support of the miners' case for a living wage. This also came out very plainly in Mr. Arnot's book, and the testimony is the more valuable because Mr. Arnot, a leading Communist, regards it as a heavy score against the Trades-Union Congress General Council that it was not engaged in promoting a revolution. Mr. Arnot wishes it had been; but both he and the three authors of the third book mentioned at the head of this notice are quite as certain as Mr. Martin that it was not.

It has been so much the fashion to admire the

British public for its self-command during the Great Strike that it is refreshing to read Mr. Martin slashing out at it for its stupidity. 'Capitalists,' he writes, 'have all become democrats since the discovery that, in the twentieth century, it is, after all, possible to fool almost all the people all the time.' And again, 'Probably no race is as generous as the English in forgiving those whom it has wronged.' Such a saying has the essence of wit; and wit is rare enough in our current polemical literature for us to be grateful when we meet it.

Mr. Arnot's is a very odd book. Much more than half of it is devoted to a most useful review of the nine months which preceded the General Strike. The strike itself is then disposed of in an astonishing series of staccato and exclamatory paragraphs separated by numerous documents. As a history of the strike it is nearly worthless; as a study of the nine months before it is distinctly good, though Mr. Arnot's devotion to the Communist Party causes him to devote a quite disproportionate space to its insignificant doings, at the cost of omitting all account of the actual working of the coal subsidy. Throughout, numerous documents are quoted; but it was a crime to issue such a book without an index, and so make the reader hunt through and through in the hope of lighting on the right document.

The *Plebs History* is, like most of the publications of that group, lively, ill-written, sloppy in its thinking, and yet quite interesting. It is in essence a 'left wing' story of how the workers were betrayed by the General Council's 'treason,' and its version adds nothing new to the treatment of this particular theme. But it has a good deal of interesting information about the progress of the strike in the various districts; and it does not share Mr. Arnot's illusions about the importance of the Communist Party. In fine, no one of these books is a history of the General Strike; but all of them contain useful material for later historians.

Notes on Democracy, by H. L. Mencken. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. \$2.50.

[Saturday Review]

MR. MENCKEN evidently takes himself to be a philosopher. He generalizes in a grandiose way. He conceives politics in terms of abstractions. He is an eloquent apriorist. He lays down the law with as much certitude and damning of the unbeliever as if he were the Pope of Rome himself. In that case he is certainly Pope Innocent. He appears to live in a little group of superior people who regard all the rest as inferiors, and democracy as the rabble's bludgeon for tormenting his own exalted kind. But people who

prefer observation to the irascible dogmatism of Mr. Mencken know perfectly well that the world is not divided up into categories of superior and inferior; they know also that these terms are relative and need definition; they have seen that the layman is often right and the specialist often wrong. What democracy really insists upon is the layman's right to put a rein on the specialist. The layman may be fooled, but it is probable that his simple instincts are at least as valuable to society as any authoritarian pedantry of the alleged superior class. It is demonstrable that life is plainly more tolerable for men of independent mind under plain Mr. Baldwin than under Cæsarian Mussolini.

Mr. Mencken, of course, has unhappy American experience behind him. He lives in a country where the multitude have driven the few pretty hard. Here a Fundamentalist, there a Prohibitionist, plies the goad. One can understand a man feeling sore when a rabble of 'Hog Belt' Baptists come and take away his beer with one hand and shove Genesis down his throat with the other. But Mr. Mencken, instead of analyzing the painful peculiarities of the American scene, starts shrieking and lawgiving and issuing antidemocratic bulls as though the universe were but a vast replica of Dayton, Tennessee. When he starts his bull-roaring he shows himself to be both ignorant and inconsistent. He alleges that the mob always hates liberty, and then curses it because it objects to being compulsorily inoculated with the pus of diseased animals. He asserts that democracy is founded on the doctrine of natural rights, although English democracy is essentially utilitarian. He believes that the multitude will only fight for its belly, although the whole history of England shows that the people are superbly, extravagantly eager to go and get killed for all manner of remote reasons, such as little Belgium's honor or the gold mines of cosmopolitan Jews, or, in remoter times, the dynastic claims of futile, irrelevant people. One may therefore suggest to Mr. Mencken that human motive and aspiration are immensely interesting subjects, and that they are not to be settled by fervid declamation against 'boobs.' Further, one may hint that democracy is a wide term, which needs close definition and examination; that the actualities of democratic government vary enormously from one place to another; and that neither men nor systems can be decently discussed if we start by clamping them all into two rigid categories of superior and inferior. In fact, we recommend Mr. Mencken not to write like a piqued undergraduate who tries to make his innocence masquerade as knowingness in a cloak of purple patches. It is true that Mr. Mencken can make rhetoric readable, and that he has equipped

himself with a very sharp nib. But reflection is always more interesting in the long run than rodomontade, and Mr. Mencken, if he intends to be taken seriously in politics, must really look about the world instead of putting Dayton, Tennessee, under the microscope and seeing nothing but the crawling bodies of American nonconformity.

The Letters of George Gissing to Members of His Family. Collected and Arranged by Algernon and Ellen Gissing. London: Constable and Company; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927. \$6.00.

[Manchester Guardian]

THIS book contains material which will be of the utmost interest to all students of the novels of George Gissing. It makes its claim, indeed, first of all to such students, because Gissing was not a man whose letters will give delight by reason of intrinsic charm. Nevertheless, if one has the requisite acquaintance with his books, this addition to them will be valuable and illuminating. The Gissing to be met with in its pages is precisely the Gissing of the novels—almost, at times, to an amusing degree. As, for example, in the following:—

I have not seen Mrs. Gaussen since you left. No one person, of course, is like another, but her personality is remarkable in a degree you cannot perhaps sufficiently appreciate as yet. When you have been fatigued and disgusted through a few more years of life by commonplace, dreary people, shallow in heart and mind, you will get into the habit of resting in the thought of her.

This was written before Gissing was thirty, and it is characteristic of his outlook for the greater part of his life. The book holds other passages of a similar nature, but it is truly remarkable for the letters and diary entries relating to his several trips abroad. In these the ardent spirit of the man, which is elsewhere exemplified in *By the Ionian Sea*, shows delightfully. Very vivid, also, is the account of a late meeting with Meredith, for whose work Gissing had inordinate admiration.

The editors have exercised a good deal of discretion, and have apparently omitted a considerable amount of material which would have been of value to future biographers of Gissing—for example, there is no hint as to the reasons for his return from America in the autumn of 1877, when in the summer of that year he had seemed to be comfortably settled near Boston. They have not included any letters written by Gissing to his literary friends, and they have only spasmodically

elucidated references in the text or identified individuals mentioned. The work is therefore less complete than it might have been, and presents a less complete picture of the writer than we could have wished. But the interest and value of the book as it stands are considerable, and if it supplies us with few fresh lights it does certainly revive old admiration, and for this reason it should be read by all who have in the past appreciated the power and intelligence of Gissing's work.

Doomsday, by Warwick Deeping. London: Cassell; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$2.50.

[Saturday Review]

MANY novelists have recounted the struggles between strong silent men and the soil of Sussex. Surely that soil needs a rest, needs to lie fallow. The inspiration which it affords Mr. Warwick Deeping, like the livelihood with which it provided his hero, Arnold Furze, is meagre and intermittent. To bend the narrative to his will, he has recourse to a road accident and a suicide; and yet those tracts of the story which are untouched by coincidence are full of inherent improbability—Mary's final descent upon Arnold at Doomsday is an instance. She had let him fall in love with her, she had almost broken his heart by leaving him and marrying the wealthy Fream. And then, to the scandal of the neighborhood, and against his wish, she must plant herself in her victim's house.

Doomsday is, on the whole, a disappointing book. It has good incidental descriptions, however, and it invariably mends its pace when it comes upon someone or something that Mr. Deeping dislikes.

BOOKS MENTIONED

- Æ. *Collected Poems*. London and New York: Macmillan, 1926. 10s. 6d.
- CHURCHILL, RIGHT HONORABLE WINSTON S. *The World Crisis, 1916-1918*. London: Thornton Butterworth; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927. 2 vols. \$10.00.
- ELIOT, T. S. *Poems, 1909-1925*. London: Faber and Gwyer; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. \$2.00.
- GIBSON, WILFRID. *Collected Poems, 1905-1925*. London and New York: Macmillan, 1926. \$3.00.
- READ, HERBERT. *Collected Poems, 1913-1926*. London: Faber and Gwyer. 6s.
- STEPHENS, JAMES. *Collected Poems*. London and New York: Macmillan, 1926. \$3.50.

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